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action photo: oli gagnon
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nail that trick, you gave me a smashed eye socket.
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UFFIE 52





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WENDY NICHOL

ALL OTHER JEWELRY
IS LILY'S OWN

ON THE COVER: LILY ALLEN



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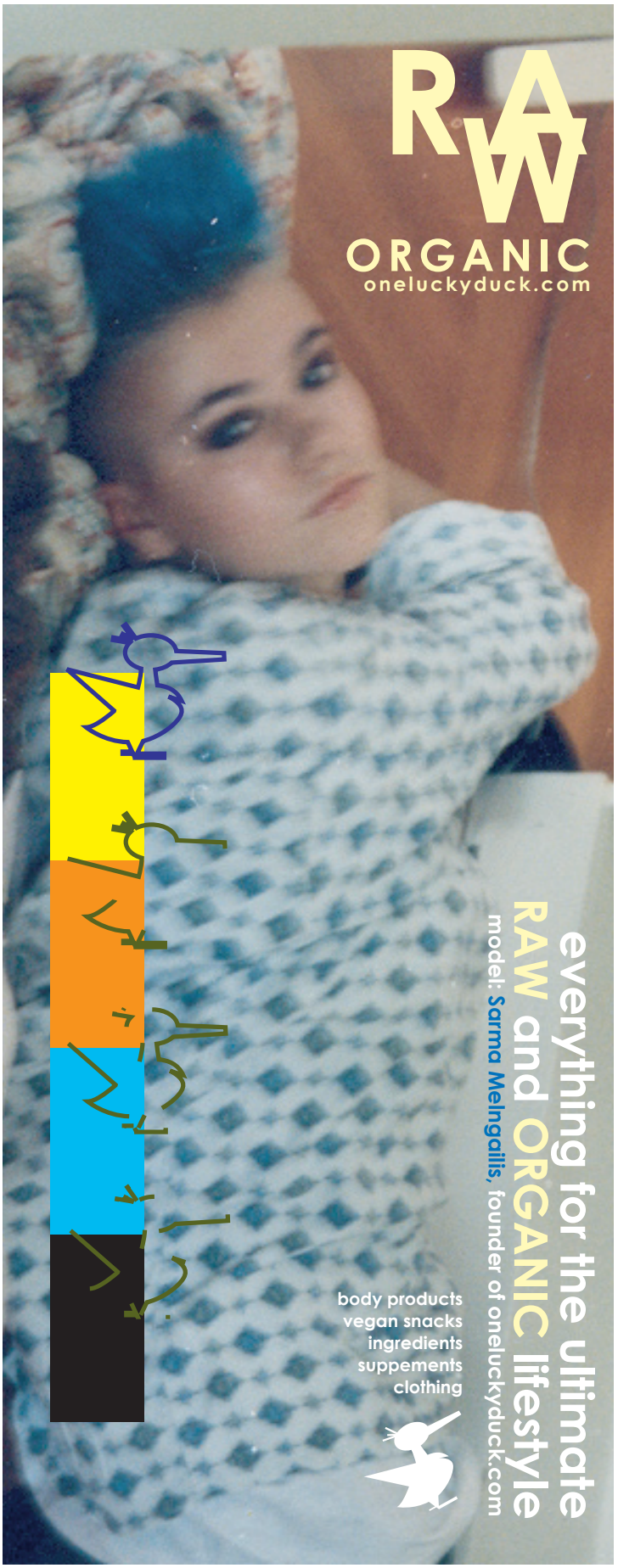
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triple5soul.com



masthead

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PHOTO: SACHA MARIC. JACKET & PANTS BY DIAB'LESS, SHIRT BY PAUL SMITH, GLOVES BY CORNELIA JAMES.

You ever notice how when you Google "google," a portal into the future doesn't open up? COME ON! If they can make a damn Lexus park itself, I can get some flux-capacitor action on my browser. Gawd. Anyhoo, lucky for y'all, you well-heeled, good-posture-having paragon of exemplary taste that is the *Missbehave* reader, we are in the business of soothsaying. Okay, we can't tell you about what'll happen in Iraq now that Rummy's Audi 5000, or which side wins in the Knights Templar/Merpeople war of 2028, but we can tell you with gumption *and* grit that Lily Allen is going to be a big honkin' deal.

Yup, that Nike-shod, aural jubilee of a British pop star is going to slay us. Her monster single, "Smile," bodied the UK charts, and now she's rumored to be Karl Lagerfeld and Chanel's next muse. How freakin' dope would that be? You know, considering that Karl is so our king, our ruler, our goddamn fashion spirit animal. Holy multiples, what a match.

Thing is, knowing *too* much can lead to disaster. We couldn't possibly tell the "Present-day You" what the "Future You" told us, but let's just say—hypothetically—that when your bottom-feeding scuzzbucket of a boyfriend gives you scabies from that dirty "artist" girl he secretly bangs, please feel free to consult our Revenge Guide, "The Unforgiven," for how to equip yourself for the (totally understandable) shit-fit you pitch at him when the day comes. I mean, *if* the day comes. Heh.

On the subject of time-bending, think about the so-hotness of bangin' a dude who not only remembers the late '70s, but was in college at the time. Swoon... Electra complex. If this excites you as much as the newest edition of the Sky Mall catalogue thrills me (Mmm.. bent-over sumo wrestler coffee table), check out "DILF (Dad I'd Like to F*ck) Hunter"—It's ushered in by Clive Owen, the zenith of Dilfosity who like, insolently won't return my texts. Pshaaa, stupid aloof British countenance.

Moored on the dreamboat that is Clive, we reclined and looked skyward for promising, scintillating talent in fashion, music, art, and Hollywood in our new section, Star Search. And we asked the occult what's in store for us, since we're convinced (like night terrors) that our fervent drive and limitless ambition are going to make us rich yet terrifically lonely. Anyways, we sent our gumshoe Yasi to get her fortune told about what becomes of girls like us. Check out the results.

So get comfy on this magic carpet ride that is issue two. It's got astrology, astronomy, and (in Fashion Graveyard) our deployment of the Moon Boot into the stratosphere. We're masters of the universe over here, and we didn't even go to Space Camp.

We stay fly,

Mary HK Choi

Thanks are due to: Laura Checkoway, Kareem "My-Dipset-Membership's-Pending" Black, Danyel Smith, Chris Goldteeth, Olivia Allin, Rosita, Ambrosia Healy, Peter "Hawkeye" Rubin, Fredders, and the kid Callahan-Steinbrenner. I see y'all.

missbehave

contributors



KAREEM BLACK

Gramercy Park's Kareem Black has got his plate full, professoring at SVA, photographing for Verizon, Comedy Central, *The Wire,* Vitamin Water, international asshole and Budweiser! So it was totes generous of him to shoot our Lily Allen cover and he still had time leftover to eat some atomic wings and swig from his customized flagon of vodka. When asked about extravagant purchases, he said, "I forget her name, but I want my money back." *kareemblack.com*

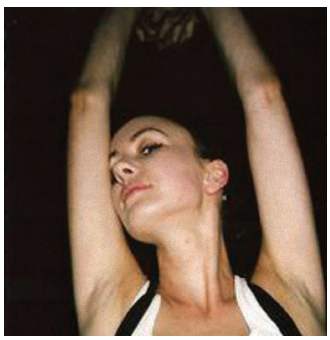


MAUREEN DEMPSEY

This Morningside Heights resident pens full time for *Marie Claire* and freelances for *Interview* and *CosmoGIRL!* Ms. Dempsey dazzled us with her interview with the "superduper" Trevor Andrew. But don't be jelly, Maureen just got married and is admirably fiendish when it comes to her shoe game. She admits to recently tracking down $350 grey granny Barneys shoes to Atlanta when she couldn't find her size. For her, a perfect night would be Arby's, a gin & tonic, and some reconstructed clothing adventures. It creeps her out when people use the term "trying," to refer to the process of putting a bun in the oven.

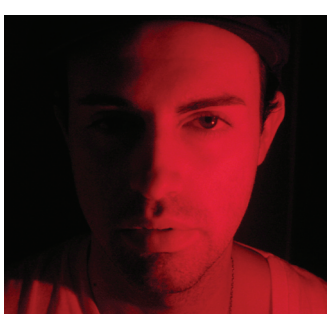
KATE RUTH

London stylist Kate Ruth did an ab fab job with our "Night Light," fashion story with the help of esteemed photographer Sacha Maric. On Friday nights, this lushy white wine fiend can be found at the local pub trying to request, "Sweet Child of Mine." She is still peeved about a shitty catalog styling job that required her to climb a mountain and sleep in tents (the indignity!). She has also worked for *Oyster, Amelias Magazine, W.i.G., Pig, Pavement* and done drawings for random peeps. *kateruth.com*



ROBERT GREENE

We gave Jackson Heights makeup mastermind Robert Greene full freedom for our beauty feature and Lily Allen cover story and damn were we psyched with the results! While he didn't make his lifelong dream of cartooning at Disney, he whipped up some gorgeous cartoon-worthy masterpieces on our model. Even though his favorite color is black, he left no color unexplored for us. His work has been published in Italian *Vogue, Numero, Dazed & Confused, Tokion, Nylon*, and *Trace*. *robertgreenemakeup.com*





LAURA CHECKOWAY

Despite juggling senior reporter gigs at *Vibe* and *Vibe Vixen* Laura Checkoway took time out to write our cover story on Lily Allen. When not pushing words, Laura can be found in her Jamaican green bedroom in Brooklyn, being sober and rocking out to Prince. She claims she hasn't eaten fast food in years and instead collects embroidered Central Asian Ralli quilts...huh? This hottie used to crush on the New Kids, but has moved up in life, as has her taste in men...Johnny Depp por vida!



SHANE O'CADJA NASH

Fort Greene's Shane Nash shot *Missbehave*'s Burton campaign and "Gimme: Graphic Detail." When he's not shooting, he'd rather be, "Shredding and getting like, totally f*kin' awesome." Despite our homage to champagne this issue, this photog can be found sipping and pretty much constantly trying to peddle Prosecco. He listens to John Frusciante and admires Thierry le Goues—needless to say this guy is all class. His favorite color is suicide wrist red and he hates physical labor which is weird 'cause we luh heavy lifting. *shanenash.com*

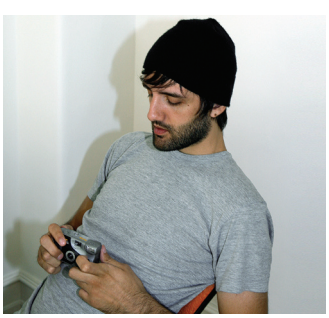
KIM ISIS MATULOVA

Gorgeous Kim Matulova is a model and normally we don't really cavort with people as freakishly attractive as her but we've learned to grapple with our neuroses through drugs. This bad-ass skateboarder and DJ is starting her own jewelry line called "hood-hippie," which seems appropriate given her veggie/bodega beer lifestyle. She dreams of having four glowing vegetarian children and living in New Zealand. In her down time she is "Leader of the World," but for now she's busy modeling, doing hair for us, and being in films like, *Black and White* and *Undefeated*.



SACHA MARIC

Between cruising back and forth from London to Copenhagen, Sacha Maric can be found either face-down drunk in gutters or daydreaming. He contributes to *Arena, Cover, Penthouse*, and *Pig Magazine* and also likes to do some heartwarming, light reading like Philip Gourevitch's, *We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed With Our Families*. His first love was *Baywatch*'s Erika Eleniak. *sachamaric.com*



MAUREEN DEMPSEY PHOTO: BEN BAKER


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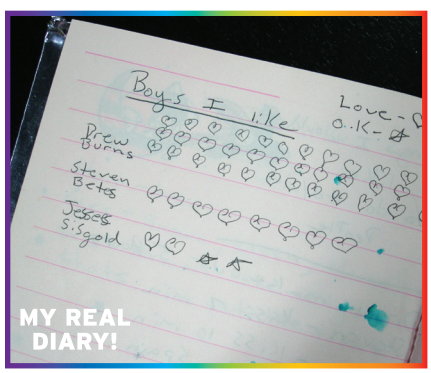
totally tubular!

ADHD

31 reasons we can't sit still!

CRINGE
DIARY READING

We here at *Missbehave* advocate reveling in the awkwardness of youth. It helps the healing process. At this point it's not even embarrassing, it's gut-splittingly funny. A certain editor who shall remain nameless feels the need to read aloud from her Little Twin Stars diary when guests swing by her house. Wouldn't you know, we found just the place for her. Once a month at Freddy's Bar & Backroom in Brooklyn, Sarah Brown hosts a reading series called Cringe. Nostalgic adults participate in divulging excerpts from their diaries and love letters. The idea is, if it makes you cringe you're a worthy candidate to entertain others! Get the deets at *queserasera.org*.
—*Samantha Moeller*







WTF? JOHN MAYER IS A HYPEBEAST

Um, does anyone else think it's bizarre that John Mayer has a New Era coming out? And who gave him a blog on Honeyee? How does he know what Neighborhood is? And what the hell is Futura doing in his new music video? Futura is on VH1, people. Did anyone see this one coming? Yes, my friends. God did.

Hark now, Hypebeasts, the end is nigh. Cast off ye limited-edition Air Maxes, dispose of your silk-screened bandanas, lock the doors and windows, and pray to Hiroshi Fujiwara, because it's all about to end. John Mayer has joined your allover-print-shrouded ranks. Yes, that's right, he of the immoderately floppy hair and tenderly formulaic love song is dying to be down. This is clearly delineated in Revelations as the 28th sign of the apocalypse. I mean, the man dated Jennifer Love Hewitt. He tours with Sheryl Crow. He wrote a song called "Your Body is a Wonderland." His music is listened to in elevators and office cubicles 'round the globe.

Fine, he's actually surprisingly articulate in interviews, and he hates the Black Eyed Peas, so it's not like he has no redeeming qualities, but really, Hello? It's so over. Full-on jumped the shark. Not even the good forces of Bobby Hundreds and A-Ron the Don combined can save the scene now, kids. Pretty soon the Evanescence chick will have a Be@rbrick, Fall Out Boy will have an Air Force 1, and Lupe Fiasco will be taken seriously. May Lord have mercy on our souls.—*Yasi Saleh*

Playboy Beauty

Since 1953, *Playboy* has been dictating what is beautiful with Marilyn Monroe on the first cover. It only makes sense that they make that beauty marketable. The Playboy Beauty line is reasonably-priced, creatively-named, and comes in ahem..."stay-the-night" formulas, which is really important if you want Biff to think you're still a bunny in the morning and not a hairless mole-rat. Product names are cheeky like the risqué, "Tie Me to the Bedpost" first blush, "Are Those Real" pick-up liners, and calendar girl lipsticks like "Miss July." Go with the Starlet Satchel for morning touch-ups pre walk-of-shame...not that *Missbehave* girls ever feel shame. No remorse! He was a stone-cold fox! Buy it at Henri Bendel, the Playboy Concept Boutique, or *beauty.com*.—*Olivia Allin*



JOHN MAYER PHOTOS: KREG HOLT. PLAYBOY MAKEUP PHOTO: MARLEY RIZUTTI

FROST BITE



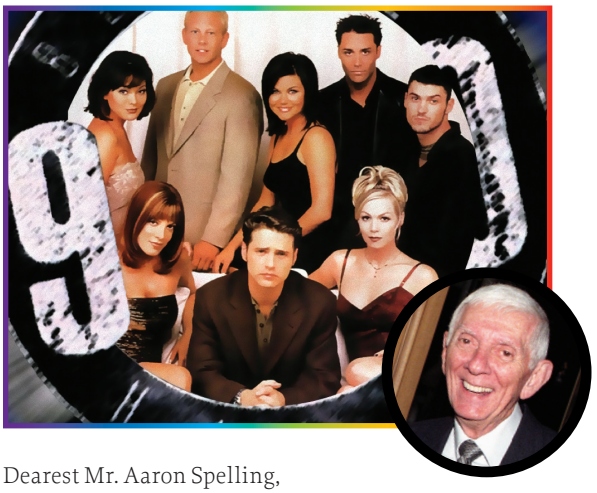
Sure, only losers pay through the teeth for fancy-pants cocktails at swanky-ass bars, but there's still something sorta depressing about drinking yourself into a stupor in the privacy of your home. That is, unless you have the right accessories. Yeah, swizzle sticks and artfully ruched brown paper bags are fun for amateurs, but for us, seasoned imbibers it's all about the ice cubes. Check it: Fred Flare's "Cool Jewels" ice cube tray makes cubes shaped like freakin' gemstones. Pour in pomegranate juice or Welch's for color and flavor. If that doesn't put the party in your studio apartment and excite you *and* your cat, well, hell, check the pulse 'cause you're about to be Fancy Feast. Fredflare.com—*Regina Ombudsman*

mama new era hat



I know girls are supposedly bad at math, but if your man rocks a 7 5/8 fitted on his freakishly large head, chances are it won't fit your pretty little melon. So pick up Mama's Lolita New Era 59Fifty made just for the ladies. It screams girly without the hysteria. The bill's got an embroidered red heart and the interior is all puckered lips in pinks and purples. It's sexy with black lace on a white exterior and a "meticulously" embroidered "M" which totally stands for *Missbehave*...and Mama...and also melon. Whatever. It's hot. We need it, you need it, go to mamaclothing.com.—*Olivia Allin*

MISSIN' YOU



Dearest Mr. Aaron Spelling,

Papa can you hear me? We know it's silly for grown girls to write to a dead television producer, but really Mr. Spelling, we still can't believe you're gone. You were a great man, Aaron. Can we call you Aaron? You were such a pioneer. *Love Boat* taught us about racial harmony, *Dynasty* ushered in the era of the shoulder-pad, and let's face it, though we were too young for some of the programming, it's all about your legacy. Without you, neither Ms. Locklear nor Ms. Doherty would have a career to speak of. (Side note: We can't believe you didn't put the kibosh on Heather dating David Spade. WTF?) Also, we have to say that without *Beverly Hills 90210*, we would not have made it through those cold junior high years. Brandon and Brenda were awesome, and even though Brenda did look wide in those velvet bodysuits, we really felt we could be best friends. And not just 'cause Brandon could get it. And Dylan? Well, Dylan was our first true love—and Andrea, she was the first 30-year-old we could relate to. You know, when she wasn't backlit.

Just when we thought it was all over, (the College Years were unprecedented, we dared not hope for West Beverly Graduate School) you introduced us to the magical land of chokers and casual sex that was *Melrose Place.* Billy Campbell? Such a hottie. And is it any coincidence that two Melrose alumns landed spots on one of TV's most lauded shows, *Desperate Housewives*? We think not.

Such is the greatness that you have wrought. Sure, some shows we'd rather not dredge up (*Models Inc.*, anyone?) but straight to the end you blessed us with must see TV. We may be too young to remember *Dallas*, or when Tom Selleck was beddable, but we will never forget *Charmed*. Amen...we mean, bye.

Best, *Missbehave*

P.S.: We know that you're as worried about Tori as we are, you know, 'cause she's somewhat of an adulterous whore, but she's a good girl deep down. Don't you worry, we bought a map to stars' homes this weekend, We'll look out for her.

HEAR ME NOW



Are you sick and tired of helping the rich get richer just 'cause you wanna talk on the phone? Since the phone companies have been doing us dirty since Ma Motherf*uckin' Bell, use Skype to stick it to the man. Use the Internet to make calls to anyone in the world for free! Forget phone bills and spend your loot on far cooler things like a real-life pterodactyl skeleton. You can even get an actual phone to plug in to your computer which sounds technologically assbackwards but in practice is a little more convenient to use.

Just warn your friends that some weird digits might show up on their caller ID when you Skype them, otherwise, you'll just get screened-out, end up feelin' like a reject and using your minutes just to call them back anyway.—*Rob Brink*

YASI TRIES... THE OCCULT



I am not engaged. I do not even have a boyfriend. To coincide with these not so recent non-developments, my mother and her empty nest (and her broken TiVo) has taken to planning my wedding. The details at last count include: The location (used to be a golf course, now it's a "destination wedding"), the dress (fitted, with cascading poufs) and the food (pan-Asian). Additionally, she says, "Every time one of my friends tells me their daughter is engaged, it makes me sad." Cue hurt and accusatory glare.

So I joined a cult. Actually, not really, I'm kinda too indecisive to do that, but I did dabble in the occult. I'm a waffler, sue me. Thing is, I really believe in this stuff and so does my mother, because, well, she's nuts. Apple, tree, whatever.

This is how I arrived at the door of Panpipes Magickal Marketplace in Hollywood (panpipes.com) to have my tarot cards read by Allison. Wasn't too sold on the non-mystique of "Allison," but I tell her I want to know about love anyway. I select my ten cards, hand them over to her, she lays them out, and then starts laughing. This is not comforting. She says, "You always pick the wrong guys." Um, duh. She points out the Queen of Swords that apparently rules my love life and tells me, "She's a warrior widow, strong and angry and alone." F*ckin' balls. I pay her $20 for my fifteen minutes. Yasi: 0, Mom: 1.

Next up is the evolutionary astrologer that my friend Robin swears by. Evolutionary astrology is basically multi-dimensional astrology, which tells you about your past lives. This service is pricey, but is most informative about your soul (stop laughing). Kristin Fontana (kristinfontana.com) lives in Arizona, so we do a phoner reading. She tells me that while I am a Taurus, my moon is in Aries, so I'm torn between wanting my freedom and wanting a relationship. Um, apparently I was also a bit of a feminist in previous incarnations (in Ancient Rome I was part of a tribe of women who were invaded by men. We slaughtered them), so any inequality in a relationship "incites rage" in me. Great. I'll remember to slap that on my eHarmony profile. What she doesn't tell me is that I'll, "get married to a nice Persian orthodontist in March of 2010," so again I have zip to report back to Moms. Yasi: 0, Mom: 2.



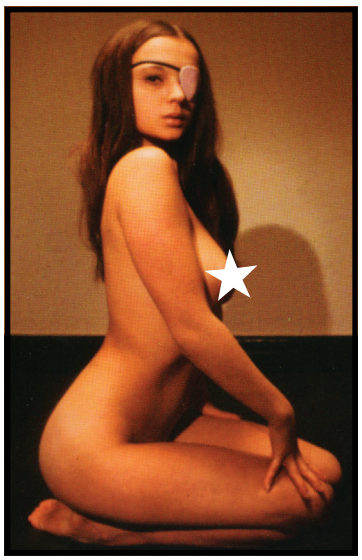


Then, I visit the palm reader. You know, the one with the "PALM READER" sign stuck into the front lawn. I timidly knock on the door. It's answered by a robust woman in a pink flowered nightgown with matching slippers. She lets me in and leads me to a small side room with two chairs and a table covered with porcelain statues of Buddhas, a dancing frog figurine, and one of those husband-and-wife toys that goes on top of a wedding cake. I take this as a positive sign. I also see a variety of ornate, plastic-covered furniture and framed Jesus paintings. At this point, I couldn't give two shits about my future spouse and just really want to leave. And also I'm sort of hungry. Mmmm, wedding cake. The woman asks to see my left hand. "What do you need?" she asks gruffly. "Um…uh…well…my mom thinks I'm never getting married," I blurt out. "Yes, I knew this already," she says. Yeah, and John Edward from *Crossing Over* isn't a douche.

She stares at me for a really long time without blinking, and tells me that I have bad luck because someone put a hex on me nine years ago and that it keeps men away. Super. "You will never be happy until you have this hex removed," she says, "I can remove it for you, but it will cost some money." So how much does this ancient in muumuu charge for a hex removal, you may ask? Seven thousand dollars. In my head, I'm totally flipping her the bird and telling her she's an asshole, but because she is scary and could also feasibly kill me in her funny-smelling house and bury me under the AstroTurf in her front lawn, I promise I'll discuss this with my mother. I run away. Mom wins. Maybe I'll just have babies out of wedlock. That'll distract her.

FILM SCHOOL

THEY CALL HER ONE EYE



Hey ladies, ever wanna take the ultimate revenge on your double-crossing ex? Well, this chica has done just that, and then some! To coincide with our awesome revenge charticle, this issues's feature film is titled *Thriller: A Cruel Picture,* a.k.a. *They Call Her One Eye,* definitely the best retro girl-gets-revenge flick. Think *Death Wish* and *Taxi Driver* plus a lotta girl power, and you'll get the idea.

Madeleine (Christina Lindberg), rendered mute by a childhood trauma, seeks bloody vengeance on all those who have wronged her. Forced into prostitution and drug addiction, this poor lass has decided she's had enough and makes up her mind to fight back, while rockin' her stylish bedazzled bell-bottoms and super slick eyepatch. Witness the slow-motion carnage as Madeleine crosses the names off her retribution checklist. Ribbons of blood flow from her victim's faces before they dance their final bullet ballet. She also beats the shit out of a pair of hunky cops, drives multiple cars off the road in fiery explosions (Lindberg did her own driving, but had no driver's license!), and outsmarts the vile villains every time.

Cute, spunky, and deadly as hell, Madeleine kung-fus and blasts all the baddies in bone-crushing glory, restoring order to Sweden's seedy underbelly while constantly remaining amazingly fashionable. Quentin Tarantino even pays homage to our heroine in his own *Kill Bill* series with the inclusion of the Elle Driver character. Oddly enough, Christina Lindberg made her way from the land of the Rising Sun before this film; starring in a series of racy Japanese girl gangster porns, go figure.

It's available on two special-edition DVDs from synapsefilms.com, with oodles of bonus features and extras. These include bloopers, alternate and deleted scenes, a comprehensive trailer gallery, and enough stills to wear out your 'next' button. Swedish celluloid has never looked this good. Yum.—*Larry Conti*

zune tunes

Don't get it twisted, we are Apple gadget fiends—fiercely loyal to MacBooks, iPods, iPod Shuffles and whatnot. We always obediently look forward to any new releases, just so we can feel insecure about the now obsolete version we made the idiot mistake of just buying. Seriously Steve, please stop droppin' new ones every four months with "longer battery life," and added tinyness. You already make 80 trillion dollars a year off us. Chill the f*ck out. And why does U2 get all these special iPods anyway?

It may have taken a while, but finally, Microsoft is a little tastier with their new $250 Zune digital media player thingy. The 30GB Zune is an iPod-sized doohickey with the ability to play movies, videos, music, games, store photos, synchronize with an Xbox 360—yes, everything an iPod can do and then some. The Zune comes equipped with wireless BlueTooth functionality for Zune-to-Zune sharing of music, photos, and videos. It's got a three-inch LCD video screen and built-in FM tuner, too. Does anyone listen to the radio anymore? Maybe you could search for some U2 on there! The Zune can be used in the car, house, or on-the-go, and you can get it in black, brown, and white. Pick your color, load it up, and immediately start buying Sanrio stickers to dress it up with. Chococat, anyone?—*Rob Brink*




PHOTO: MARLEY RIZUTTI



REBEL8 X MISSBEHAVE

Once upon a time, Missbehave was a beautiful boutique that lived on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. Alas, Missbehave had a huge empty wall on the side of the shop. Despite the loveliness of the store's offerings, the abject blankness of the wall bore a hole in the Queen's heart. Mike Giant, the bestest artist in all the land, came to the rescue and created a mural for the entire kingdom to see. To this day, the young girl named Missbehave is still up on Eldridge Street. To commemorate this storied past, REBEL8, the clothier created by Joshy D. and Mike Giant, has put her highness on a T-shirt. Celebrate the fairytale ending and cop yours at rebel8.com.—*Vixen One*



WANNA BATTLE?



Party promoters Justine D. and Oxy Cottontail chop-it-up and rank the craziest shindigs committed to film.

BEST CHINTZY, AMAAAZING, SUPER-CHOREOGRAPHED DANCE MOVES.

GREASE (1978)
Do the Hand-Jive! John Travolta twirls Olivia Newton-John around Rydell High's gymnasium. Complete with lasso dance moves and shoot em' up gestures, this dance sequence is more enjoyable at the age of 9 than at the age of 30, but I'm so feeling the two-story toilet-paper cowboy effigy in the back!

HAIRSPRAY (1988)
Hairspray, a John Waters film starring Ricki Lake (which they've since put on Broadway as a musical) focuses on dance moves from the '50s and '60s. The local dance show "The Corny Collins Record Hop," integrates a segregated Baltimore. The Madison dance scene where Tracy Turnblad first busts a move is my favorite!

WILDEST OUT-OF-CONTROL, EXTRAVAGANT EXCESS/DRUGGIE/BOOZE PARTY SCENE.

CHRISTIANE F. (1981)
This film is based on the real life of a 14-year-old Berliner in the 1970s. Christiane is intrigued with the new disco sound and scene. Her curiosity develops into a heroin addiction. Not uplifting, but the amount of drugs, prostitution, and pre-teen/teenage sex would sober anyone up! Mr. David Bowie is responsible for the eerie soundtrack.

BOOGIE NIGHTS (1997)
This whole entire goddamn flick is a motherf*ckin' wild party. Slutbags on roller-skates, cocaine, and porn. Movies gets ugly when drugs reign supreme.



MOST BANANAS/SICK/WE-WISH-IT-WERE-REAL CLUB/HOUSE/PARTY LOCALE.



LIQUID SKY (1982)
Angular, alien art groupies adorned with pink and blue face paint converge at a neon-filled nightclub. *Liquid Sky,* a cult classic, is hard to watch but is definitely a time capsule of a once avant-garde New York. The greatest thing is, this club actually existed and the costumes were a part of one's daily wardrobe back then!

EYES WIDE SHUT (1999)
The good doctor, played by a not-yet-psychotic Tom Cruise, crashes a lavish mansion orgy. The shit is so hot, but I only wish everyone, not just the girls, wore masks. Anonymous boning for everyone!

MOST EXCITING/F*CKED-UP PARTY-CRASHING SCENE.

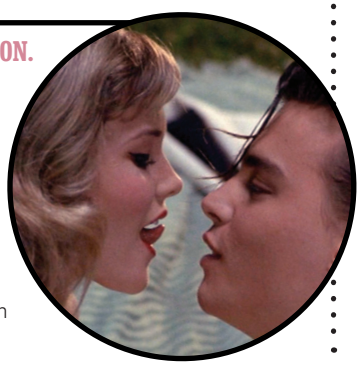
WEIRD SCIENCE (1985)
Geeks prevail in this party-crashing extravaganza! When a leather-clad biker gang reminiscent of *Mad Max* characters drive through your windows and take your girlfriends, what's a pair of dorks to do? Gary and Wyatt scare the hooligans off with compliments like, "You have a lovely home," and "Let's get lunch sometime." Tasty tidbit: The gang leader actually starred in *Mad Max 2*!

DAZED AND CONFUSED (1993)
Bongs, bell-bottoms and mood rings...It's the last day of school in 1976, the juniors have just become seniors, the freshman suck, and there is a massive party planned. Unfortunately, when Kevin's parents crash his own party, the gang is forced to travel to various kegger hot spots, and they end up at the football field of the high school in the early morning.

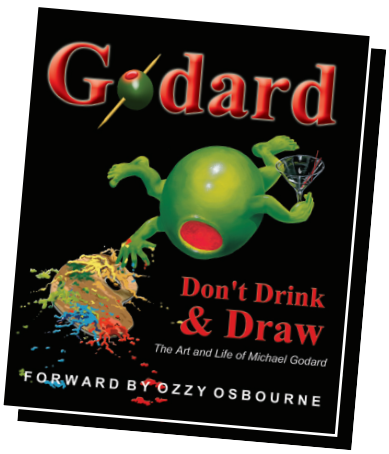
SUPER GIRLY/REWARDING/WHOLLY PREDICTABLE HOOK-UP ACTION.

SID & NANCY (1986)
This hook-up scene is for the slutty, drugged-up punk girl in you. After a night of shooting up with your two gutter-punk male friends, babysitting one of them who ultimately vomits from the H, you partake in an all-night sex fest... Amongst the syringes and tourniquets you're ready to tip-toe out, but he reaches for you. He wants to spoon. He is SID, you are NANCY. This is a love story.

CRY-BABY (1990)
Bad boy and good girl make sweet love on a grassy knoll. Johnny Depp and Amy Locane, so totally predictable and so totally sexy. Yet another John Waters classic!



GODARD THE BOOK



Michael Godard, the awesome artist behind the mega-terrific reclining strawberry in our "Cha Ching!" article has an equally amazing book. Cop *Don't Drink & Draw*, on his Web site: michaelgodard.com. Now.

COWBOY BE BOP



Sometimes Asian inventions are conceived as a cruel joke on the portly American physique. The iGallop is one of them. This fitness apparatus is sold at Brookstone, at our nation's place of worship—the mall and on any given Sunday, you can see star-spangled sons and daughters thrusting their giant torsos in a frenzied attempt to work off cheese fries. OSIM, the Singaporean company behind the iGallop lassoed scantily-clad cowgirls to help peddle it with a suggestive workout video. The reality however, is a bunch of sweaty Yankees jerking like lunatics by the food court. This unsightly truth is great excercise for any onlookers since laughing your ass off is a very effective ab workout.—*Emma Frost*



GIRLS JUST WANNA BE BUMS



Contrary to popular belief, the female of the species is messier than the male (Big shouts to Space).

When it comes to keeping their bodies clean, women are superior. Period. Hands down, the back, with a loofah and a sudsy (Boots!) walnut bergamot & olive exfoliating body wash. Men are gross when it comes to personal hygiene, while girls are better at maintaining their physical selves. So it's shocking to see the sheer filth in which so many women are comfortable living.

Gone are the days of June Cleaver, when a woman really took pride in keeping a beautiful home. Nowadays, it seems as though having a messy residence is tantamount to maintaining your independent woman, I-can-do-anything-a-man-can-do stance. Not so, ladies.

Hitting your coffee table with some Fantastik once a year won't make you a docile housewife. You can be beautiful, career-oriented, intelligent, a maneater even, yet still know how to do a dish or rock some Pledge once in a while.

Don't do it for a man, though, do it for yourselves!

Here are just a few areas where ya'll need some help:

AUTOMOBILES

I used to joke around that strippers always have the messiest cars. They work late in their stripper clothes then wanna go out after, so they bring their regular clothes and shoes with them. After a while, their backseats look like Trash And Vaudeville exploded the year 1993 into a Ford Focus. *Oh, those wacky strippers!* I would think.

Then I started noticing other girls, non-strippers, with identical car-disgustingness issues. I'd previously thought this was a stripper-only affliction because the only girls I knew at the time were women of the pole. As my social circles expanded, I realized that all girls have messy-ass cars and subscribe to tossing-shit-in-the-backseat routines.

A car is a blessed thing, a great luxury and an invention of convenience. Why trash this gift from God (or more likely, your parents)? It feels nice to have a clean car. I swear. Throw everything in a trash bag or at least in the trunk.

CDs

Newsflash: CDs are extinct. You don't need them anymore, and you could use the extra space. Make the days of stray liner notes and cracked jewel cases a thing of the past. Take an evening, buy a bottle of wine, and import them shits into your iTunes, woman.

SMOKING

Don't get me wrong. I am a big advocate of smoking and you will never find me without a box of Newports (Lights) and Puma sweats. However, I am also fully grossed out by the aftermath caused by the (allegedly) lethal addiction. Smoking in one's own home is a wonderful indulgence (one which I have not had the pleasure of in a couple of years), but with it, there is a responsibility to keep the place presentable.

Cigarettes smell disgusting. That's problem one. To combat this, use one or two Glade Plug-Ins in the location in which you do the most smoking. Also, your sleep area should always be snuggle-soft and smelling all Bounce-ily fabric-softened. Don't smoke anywhere near your bedroom. If you live in a studio-apartment situation, give your bedding a good spritz of Febreze before slumber. Falling asleep with fresh-smelling linens is a must (especially if I am sleeping over, which, let's face it, is highly probable).

Also problematic are ashtrays. Address this.

PURSES

I can't even begin to figure out what's going on in women's purses. I won't deign to touch this one. This one's for you. I pass.

BATHROOM

You know what? They totally make stuff specifically designed for the removal of soap scum. You should go get some and use it.

What a splendored paradox that the bathroom, the place in which one makes themselves beautiful, is the most non-beautiful area in the home. Go figure.

QUICK CLEAN BUYING GUIDE

You were probably too busy not cleaning to read my whole article so to make your life easier, I made this clip-out guide of things you need to keep your abode up to Goias code:

1. Glade Plug-Ins
2. Febreze
3. Renuzit Super Odor Neutralizer Spray (Citrus Sunburst)
4. Plastic garbage bag in car
5. Scrubbing Bubbles
6. Fantastik

PHOTOS: MARLEY RIZUTTI



ROCKBOX

According to my Pop Swatch and the analog clock on my mobile command center of a cell phone, it is high time I switched up my boom-box game. Even though my trusty Panasonic RX-5100 is still criminally awesome, it's too heavy to hoist onto my shoulder, and it just doesn't match the pink of my side-shorn Cyndi Lauper coif. Trust the think tank at MTX Audio to dip their new iPod ghetto blaster, the aptly named iThunder, in pretty pink. It's basically exactly the type of gorgeous, vintage-minded number that Radio Raheem would've rocked, had he been fierce on the down low. Do the right thing and get yours at mtx.com/ithunder.—*Emma Frost*



EDUTAINMENT

Thugaboo is *Rugrats* for kids of kids who grew up on hip hop. Miniature thugs, activists, and entrepreneurs growing up in 'Boo York' are not only the funniest thing I've seen since Marissa died on the *O.C.*, but also educational. Interweaving rap and slick dance moves, these tykes spit awesome things like, "Money don't grow on trees/some parents can't afford when you want what you see." Oh my God, how poignant is that? It's on Nicktoons and the soundtrack is on thugaboo.com, along with profiles of the cartoon cast. The kids are different ethnicities AND from different backgrounds. The only diversity in the main cast of *Rugrats* was a pair of twins (ew, shared placenta).—*Olivia Allin*





Dog Day Afternoon

Hot diggity dog, the ladies at 31 Corn Lane are at it again. These girls create some of the cutest accessories this side of the Williamsburg Bridge. Get this adorable clutch for someone you love this holiday season. Spread love, it's the Brooklyn way! Check out all their funtastic stuff at *31cornlane.com* —*Gizmo*

DILF HUNTER CLIVE OWEN

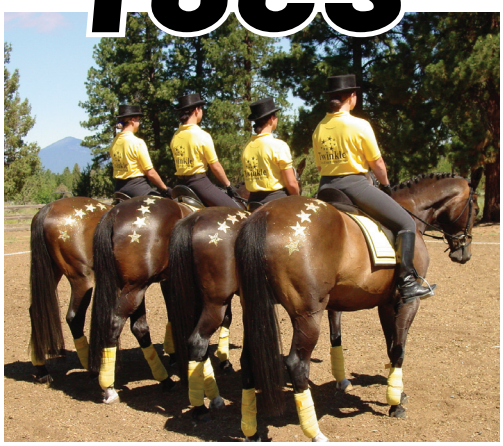
Some little conniving bitch gets to be Clive Owen's daughter's friend. Stupid cow. God, she probably makes tons of totally transparent excuses to pull a pop-in, sidling ever so close to Clive, all scantily clad and nubile. I hate her, yet admire her gangsta. Without the geographic inconvenience, the wife, and that goddamn restraining order. I would indisputably do the same. Stupid extradition.

Clive is a classic DILF (Dad I'd Like to F*ck), the benchmark against whom all other DILFs should be measured. Forearms of a longshoreman, cold yet articulate hands, diabolically handsome face, and that virile gaze. To quote the keen observations of one Vince Vaughn from a cathedral vestibule in that cinematic opus on coupling and courtship *Wedding Crashers,* "[He] just eye-f*cked the shit outta me."

You could get pregnant by that look. Optical Immaculate Conception. In me, he inspires that unbridled, unsightly hysteria typically reserved for middle-aged, mom-jeans types when they get all moist and disgusting for firemen. As their ovaries clang in their amply padded midsections at the merest hint of blue-collar heroism, mine keen towards his filmed brutish outbursts as if sunflowers to light. Some nights, watching the loft scene in *Closer,* careful to mute the horse-faced responses of Mrs. Moder, I think about what he smells like. I concede that occasionally my Clive, especially in the early '90s, starring as the slick businessman Stephen Crane in that British sitcom *Chancer,* does look a wee bit "euro," slightly wet or even a teensy bit greasy, like he wears paisley briefs from France or still vacations in Bali. But whatever, I will gladly remain loyal to my DILF as his children have children and he slides gracefully into grandDILFhood. —*Mary H.K. Choi*



Twinkle Toes



Remember that episode of Jerry Springer where dude lived with his horse? But like, live-lived, like conjugally? Yeah, that was weird. I mean, my pony and I are way close but there's no way we would bone. I mean, sure there was that time in college when I was super experimental but ew, she's like my sister. Gag. Anyhoo, sometimes I feel her pain. She used to be like this superfantastic show pony, but I look kinda fat in jodhpurs, so ever since we moved to the city she's been really moody. Well, I know what cheers me up when I get down, and that's makeup. At showshimmer.com we copped glitter hoof polish in silver and rainbow and got this incredible American flag stencil kit for her hindquarters. I mean, to be totally honest, she looks a little tranny, but whatevs, she's so much happier now.—*Emma Frost*



TOKIDOKI TOYS

Ever since their adorably vivacious characters collaboed with LeSportsac I'm so all about Tokidoki's designer toys. In November 2005, Tokidoki creator Simone Legno's, along with STRANGEco created the Cactus Friends—prickly critters that have been flying off the shelves and into the collections of toy aficionados. The Cactus Friends, SANDy, Sabochan, and Bastardino sold like new tail on the strip, so this year Legno introduced a fourth member, Polpettina, to be Bastardino's gal pal.

Another new Tokidoki addition is Mozzarella, the first character of the newly-formed MOOFIA. Leader of the pack, Mozzarella is the ruler of jungle-gym politics and makes it a point to jack milk from the lunchboxes of schoolyard bullies on the regular. A bovine version of Robin Hood, Mozzarella's got nothing but love for good kiddies, but bratty tykes better watch their backs like dodgeball, 'cause Mozzarella is headhunting for bad seeds. Armed with a Tommy gun and a 2.5" bullet friend, Moz' comes in a mini milk container. Even the lactose-intolerant gotta love it.

All toys are made out of rotocast vinyl and are available at *toytokyo.com*—*Annmarie Donnegan*



ミスビヘイブ!

METRONAPS

In Japanese, *karoshi* means "to work oneself to death," and if you're a workaholic, chances are you could use a damn nap. No question, Ambien CR is that crack, but you're getting a little chunko from the pesky side effect of sleepwalking to the fridge to binge-eat congealed chow fun at 3 AM. One-stop sleep shops in Japan are a huge hit with inebriated businessmen who have sake-bombed their body weight, or need some daytime shut-eye. Now the concept has found a home stateside with MetroNaps' facilities in New York's Financial District and the Empire State Building. The ergonomically-designed pods combined with an eyemask, dreamy music, and noise-canceling Bose headphones will lure you to take that lunch break and skip the extra Venti.—*Michael Menachem*

BAMN!

Is there really anything better in the world than a corndog vending machine? I mean sure, peace in the Middle East is trendy and all but if you're fiendin' for fast, fancy finger food you gotta try BAMN! The large, pink neon sign beckons you inside, as the warm glow of the many tasty treats tickle your tummy. It's basically a vending-machine café inspired by the 'automats' of the early '50s and the ones Japan has had on lock forever. Chow on pork buns, fries, chicken teriyaki burgers, and even pizza. Drop your coins in the slot, pull down the door and get to grubbin'. There are two change machines for your convenience and items range from $1-2 plus it's open 24 hours a day. Hit up Bamnfood.com or slide over to 37 St. Mark's Place if you're in Manhattan. Just don't forget to shoo away the bums if you're on a late-night mission 'cause homelessness isn't very appetizing.—*Larry Conti*



AUTOMAT & TOKIDOKI PHOTOS: MARLEY RIZUTTI

COFFEE, TEA, OR ME?

BUTLER CAFÉS

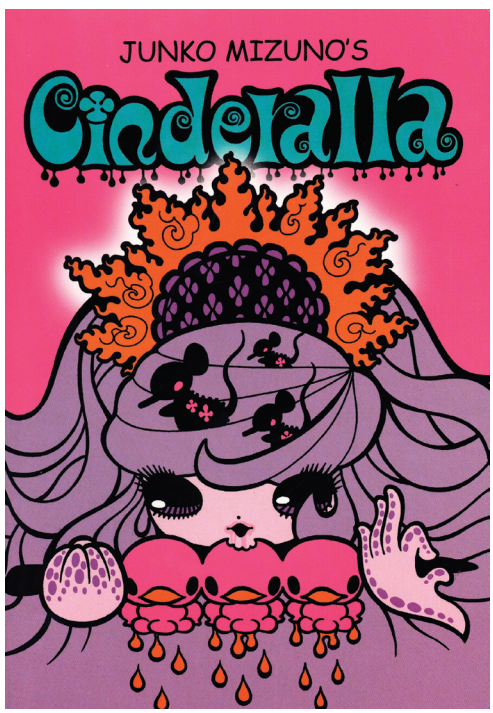
Are you sick of lacking hired help in your life? Want handsome, subservient men waiting on you like you're Donatella frickin' Versace? Well, look no further. Thank the heavens for that Japanese talent of taking any wacky idea and making it a reality. Butler Cafés are the latest blessing. It's a gender reversal of the Maid Café popularized by Japanese comics of the '90s wherein buxom maids waited hand and foot on the be-pimpled, geeky, fanboy clientele. These cafés are set up like an English manor house, complete with elegant furnishings and classical music piped throughout. Coffee, cake, and tea service is presented by the man candy of your choosing. You'll need a reservation though and a luxurious foot massage is extra. Though the happiest of endings isn't on the menu, we certainly suggest you ask. Let us know how that goes. Welcome home, your highness.—*Larry Conti*

Harajuku Lovers Handbags カワイイ!



Tickets to Japan are really expensive. This sucks 'cause I really need to hit up Harajuku to shop my brains out. It's really important this happen soon so that when people ask me where I get all my dreamy outfits I can say, "Thanks, I got it in JAPAN." My dream of making the pilgrimage is currently on hold (damn this desk, damn these chains... um sorry, I digress...). But thankfully we can get the next best thing—Gwen Stefani, our patron priestess of anthropological shopping brought a little piece of Harajuku to us. The Harajuku Lovers line of bags is quite delicious and we would like one in every style. Make it happen Gwen! *Harajukuonlinestore.com.*
—Tofutti Klein

SISTER GRIMM





You know how everyone says Disney tidied up the Grimm fairytales? No more glass slippers with chunks of bloody heel. Boooo. Thank goodness, Junko Mizuno is here to dirty them up again. Though her manga, *Cinderalla, Princess Mermaid,* and *Hansel & Gretel,* only vaguely resemble the original tales (uh, note the *whimsical* spelling of "Cinderella"), the gratuitous nudity and grotesquely violent gothic style compensate fully. The adorably hot heroines get steamy zombie sex, eat some dudes, and worry about getting fat because in fairytale land Kate Bosworth is winning the Rexi contest. Suck it Disney!—*Olivia Allin*

DANKEDANKE.COM



Still can't get your grubby paws on those elusive Hello Kitty diet pills? Or running short on your cache of Japanese schoolgirl uniform "Gal" style? Well, here's your chance. Since Japanese retailers are wary of dealing with foreign customers and shipping overseas (because of the language barrier and their secretive temperament), Dankedanke.com acts as a go-between. The third-party site grants you access to all the weird and wonderful things Japan has to offer and then sends you your purchases. Sign up for their free membership and you can shop from premium boutiques or bid on Japanese auction sites. Futuristic, mildly useless gadgets, watches, bedazzled keitai (cellphones), super rare Sanrio items, wild nail-art kits, cosmetics and the highest quality organic miso. Woo hoo. They ship all items EMS (Express Mail Service) which is sorta like FedEx but way more efficient since it's Asian.—*Larry Conti*

おつかれさま

アメリカ人の気分を味わう為の実験。その一、糖分の高いアイスクリームの上に、これまた似たような味のチョコレートチップをこれでもかと言わんばかりにばら撒き、それを不快に感じることなく全て完食してみる。その二、他人に自分がネガティブであることを悟られないようにする為に何の迷いも無くプロザックを飲んでみる。—*Aya Koura*



INTERVENTION
JARED LETO

Jared, I know you're shocked to find yourself here since we've loved you forever. And please know that it isn't lack of love that brings us to this most sordid of crossroads. Seriously, sweetie, put the MAC eyeliner down. This is important. Okay, first of all, we adore you as an actor. You know that. You set our teen loins ablaze in *My So-Called Life,* with your gangling ambivalence leaned up against those cold locker doors. In *Fight Club, The Thin Red Line,* and other monumental successes we followed you with hallowed reverence and conceded defeat as you courted Cameron, Scarlett and Lindsay. You were an unrivaled lothario, Leto.

While we burned our corneas staring at your stark beauty, your manorexic turn in *Requiem for a Dream* killed us. Dude, seriously, your dark moody hair shellacked across your pearlescent junkie pallor? It was like porn. Oh! And remember when your red-headed former sweetheart lost her diary at Hiro and she told the whole world you were heroically endowed? Man, we were so vindicated that day. I mean we just *knew* you were hung like a freakin' wildebeest. For reals.

Then there was an unwelcome shift in the paradigm. Something tacky this way came. Why, in your *thirties,* did you decide that you needed to look like a high school drama queer? Really? A rockband? And really, "30 Seconds to Mars"? Sure, we forgave Keanu for Dogstar and we generously look away when Russell does 30 Odd Foot of Grunts but how could you, our angelic, delicate godsend, forsake us thus? Just when we thought it couldn't get worse, you started going to Hyde not only with smeared makeup and shiny, whiny-looking eyes, but with those weird, rubber gardening clogs with holes in them. What are you, trying to be less f*ckable than Skeet Ulrich? Stop sabotaging. Please, for us, have a sandwich, get a haircut, slough off that queer-ball kohl eye shit and be attractive again. Oh, and stop talking. Your "personality" is, like, really harshing our mellow. Appreciate it, bro.—*Regina Ombudsman*

Karmaloop.com STYLE SALON

Feeling blue, buy a sweater. Online shopping is so necessary. But remember the old days when retail therapy was just that? A shop girl telling you, "Forget him, hunny, check out this hot peg skirt. Wear it out tonight on your new man hunt. Totally bootylicious!" Basically, it's advice from the people that know the merchandise best. Well, now Karmaloop.com, one of the premiere street fashion sites on the web, has created a new feature called the Karmaloop Style Salon. The Style Salon gives shoppers the inside scoop on hot picks, tips on how to wear stuff, staff favorites, and designer interviews. Karmaloop has already got the streetwear game on lock, now they neatly package style info for their female shoppers. Online shopping just got a little more personal...thanks guys! —*Samantha Moeller*

CHINATOWN BAKERY DEMYSTIFIED!



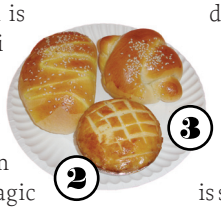


If the only reason you go to Chinatown is for bootleg Burberry Brit and faux Fendi Zucca spy bags, boy, are you sleeping. It's overwhelming, but you have to hit up a bakery when you're in this part of town. For less than a dollar apiece you can cop delectable morsels of straight-up magic but you do need some guidance to navigate the scrumptious secrets of the Sino bun.


1

Known as a "pineapple" bun (1), this bad boy is always sweet with a crusty, streudal-like topping and comes in three variations—filled with custard, sweet red bean, or empty. If the prospect of a sugared legume grosses you out, try the other two.

Looks like apple pie, tastes like chicken pot pie (2). Be forewarned: Most tiny pies are savory not sweet. Heat this guy up before eating, as the consistency at room temperature is that of condensed Campbell's cream soup.


2 3

Anything that looks like a plain dinner roll (3) should send red flags. The presence of sesame seeds does not denote savory vs. sweet. One of these has custard in it and the bread is sweet (left), the other is salty (right).

These look challenging (4) but because you can identify corn, ham, and hot dog you pretty much know what to expect. *Curve ball:* The white stuff in the middle is mayonnaise. The bread is usually fluffy and slightly sweet like Hawaiian bread so it counters the salt and nitrate of the cured meat.

Mayonnaise side note:
Even though the whites are famous for loving this like-hued, viscous condiment, Asians are weirdly obsessed with the stuff on baked goods. It interestingly makes a cameo on Chinatown bakery "pizza." The sauce on such "pizza" tastes like, and often is, ketchup. It's like Taco Bell to Mexican food—it's more an homage than a facsimile.


4


5

Post script to the side note:
The mayo rule does not apply to tuna in Chinatown land. Any time you get a tuna filling, it's tuna packed in oil, not tuna salad.

Chinatown cakes are stunning (5). Usually hyper-colored and elaborately decorated with chocolate or Hello Kitty faces, these little numbers are really yummy. They don't, however, taste as good as they look. The frosting tastes more like it came out of a can than that made from scratch so if you're unfamiliar with the consistency and flavor you might feel put out. But that's only your Eurocentric hubris talking. Racist.—*Mary H.K. Choi*

LUNG MOON PHOTOS: RACHELLE MINTZ. PASTRY PHOTOS: MARLEY RIZZUTI

The Diggers Society



T-shirt # 1 by The Hundreds

The Diggers Society is **Digital Gravel**'s t-shirt of the month club featuring exclusive designs from streetwear's premium independent brands. These designs will only ever be available to members of The Diggers Society. To join, please log on to http://www.digitalgravel.com . Can you dig it?

AS SEEN ON DG



GLASSES BY **KSUBI**, LAST WALTZ TANK BY **CUSTO BARCELONA**, YELLOW HIGHLIGHTER TANK BY **AMERICAN APPAREL**, JACKET IS STYLIST'S OWN, NECKLACE AND BELT BY **FORNARINA**, RING BY **TOM BINNS**, OG LEGGINGS BY **THREEASFOUR**, FISHNET GLOVES WORN AS LEGWARMERS BY **GIRL-PROPS**, DIAZ SHOES BY **REPORT**

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA HAIR: KIM MATULOVA MODEL: LEE @ ELITE POST PRODUCTION: IPRINT

MAX HEADROOM

Face it, technology is a f*ckin' scourge. Once upon a time, flying cars and saucy robot maids seemed right around the corner. But the future is here, the NSA is listening to our cell phones, and all we've got is the ability to hear Kelly Clarkson's caterwaul every time it rings. Things would've turned out differently if that classy, computer-generated gentleman was around to fight the evils of unchecked technology.

Make room for Headroom. Before every *Matrix*-humping douche with a dial-up banged in their black trench, this '80s icon brought cyber-punk style to middle America with his future-shock TV show. It was perfectly plausible—20 minutes into the future, a news reporter named Edison Connor took a blunt road sign to the dome, went into a coma, and got his brain copied into a computer. Max was born, and in between fighting evil Asian network president Ped Xing, the bodiless sensation started selling everything from New Coke to porn (*Max Bedroom* on VHS, what!). He was the original talking head, before every unemployed bottom-feeder with a SAG card paid their rent making snarky comments about pop culture on camera. I love the '80s!

Even with a stutter, Max was the quintessential '80s man—those shades, chiseled jaw, artificial intelligence, electric (ha!) wit. Ladies love cool Headroom. Behind all the zeroes and ones, Max was just a hopeless neuromantic at heart.—*Brendan Frederick*

PHOTO: *Chad Griffith* STYLE: *Sally Thurer*



SNOW ANGELS

Sumptuous Shearling Boots to Combat Slush

PHOTO: Jonathon Kambouris

STYLE: Samantha Moeller

Glitterati

Shiny Happy Makeup

PHOTO: Carlin Mayer STYLE: Betsey McLain



CRYSTAL LILY PAD & BUTTERFLY BY SWAROVSKI

Livin' Large

Swagger in a Man-Sized Hoodie



HOODIE BY **PHENOMENON.** RAZORBLADE LEGGINGS BY **ALEXANDER HERCHCOVITCH.** **NIKE** AIR FORCE 1S FROM PREMIUM GOODS. SHIBU-YEAH T-SHIRT BY **LUXIRIE.** UNICORN NECKLACE BY **FRED FLARE.** ALL OTHER JEWELRY IS MODEL'S OWN.

MAKEUP: CHRISTINA ZULETA MODEL: ISADORA MENDOZA

PHOTO: *Shane Nash* STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*

FAWN GEHWEILER X FLEXIBLE FLYER

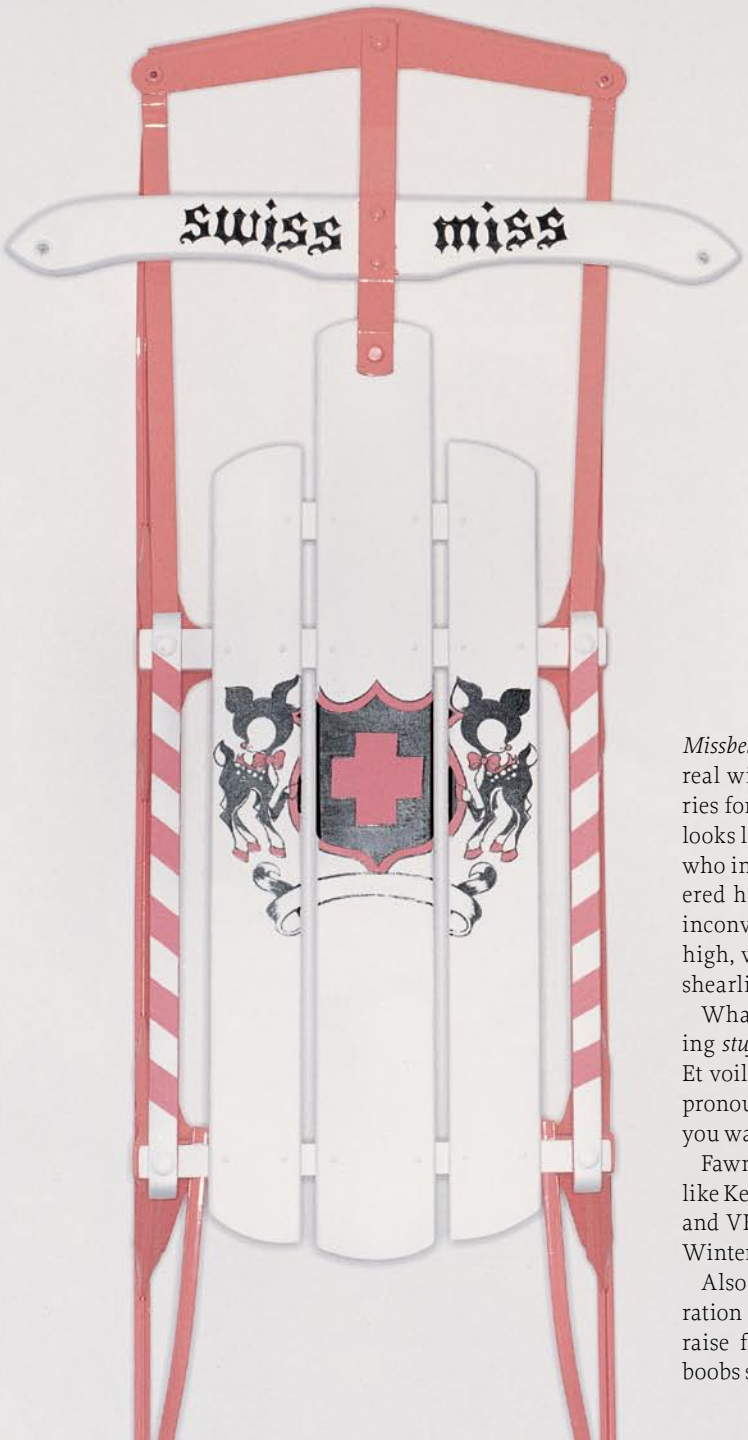




PHOTO: Seanita Carter

Missbehave + The Great Outdoors? Yeah, not so much. To be all the way real with you, this old-school Flexible Flyer sled brings back few memories for us. We have however, totally seen this sort of thing on TV and it looks like a blast. Also, it does remind us of our dads, friends, and siblings who in our youth, were all mysteriously willing to plow down snow-covered hills on one of these bad boys. Now, as grown ups, we're over the inconvenient moisture of snow and sleet and though our boots are knee high, we'd be damned attempting more than a half-inch of slush in our shearling Marc Jacobs. Nuff said.

What we do love and have always loved are *things*. We love stockpiling *stuff*. So, we decided to make the sled a, how do you say, l'object d'art! Et voila! We found the perfect artist in Fawn Gehweiler, (whose name is pronounced Geh-Why-Ler, but with a little gutteral "h" in the beginning if you want to be proper) to have her way with this pine projectile.

Fawn's awesome sense of retro style harkens back to '60s and '70s artists like Keane and Gig, and her impressive portfolio includes bigshots like Nike and VH1. Although she lives in LA, she managed to conjure up Old Man Winter and turn out this hot piece she so sweetly named, "Swiss Miss."

Also due out this holiday are her "Sundae Girls"—toys made in collaboration with Necessaries Toy Foundation and Adio KAB shoes which will raise funds for the Keep-A-Breast Foundation. *Missbehave*'s totally pro-boobs so you should be too. Yodel-ay-hee-hoo!—*Samantha Moeller*

TOASTY LAYERS

Dress Up our Doll in Cozy Comfort

BRRRR



THERMAL BUNNY TOP BY **SOUNDGIRL** RAINBOW HEART NECKLACE BY **FRED FLARE**
REY INTIMATE SET PANTIES BY **PAUL FRANK**



POM POM HAT BY **ORLA KIELY**



SKULL & DOTS LONG JOHNS BY **OBEY**



BEANIE BY **NIKITA**



PEARL EARMUFFS BY **WESC**



MIKA KAT BEANIE BY **PAUL FRANK**



ZIP HOODIE BY **LUXIRIE**





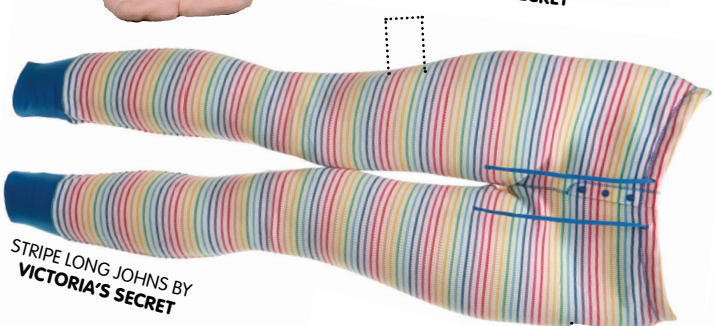
SWEETHEARTS THERMAL BY **VICTORIA'S SECRET**



MITTENS BY **ORLA KIELY**



JULIAS HEARTS ME SLIPPERS BY **PAUL FRANK**



STRIPE LONG JOHNS BY **VICTORIA'S SECRET**





GLOVES BY **FRED FLARE**



RAINBOW FOREVER SWIRL NIGHT SHIRT BY **SCANTY**



APPLE CAPRI LEGGINGS BY **SOUNDGIRL**

MAKEUP: AYA KOURA MODEL: KRISTA DONARGO

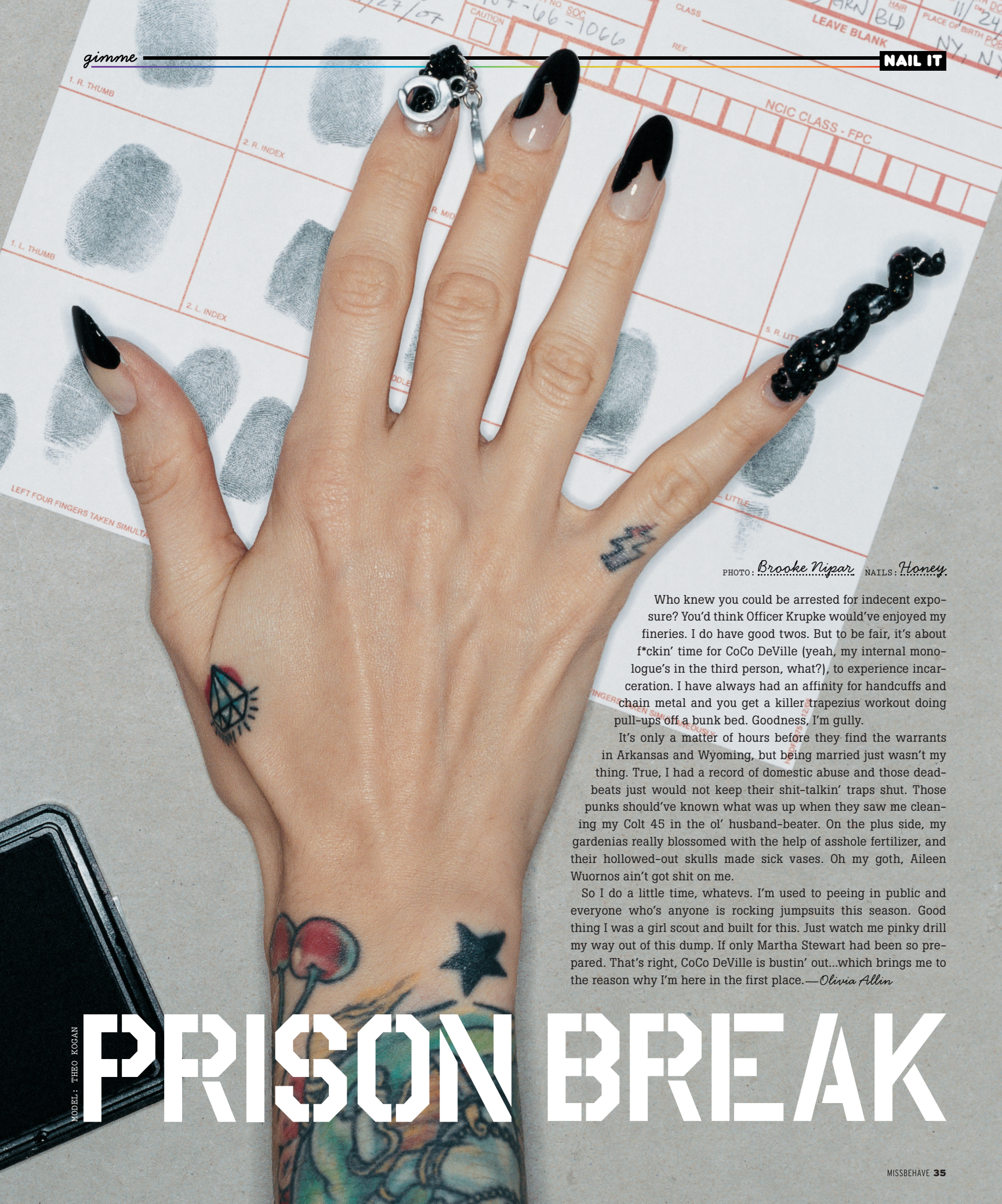
PHOTOS: *Gary Mongo* STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*

GHOST IN THE SHELL

Puffy Vests in Spectral Splendor.



PHOTO: *Jonathon Kambouris* STYLE: *Samantha Moeller*



PRISON BREAK

PHOTO: Brooke Nipar NAILS: Honey.

MODEL: THEO KOGAN

Who knew you could be arrested for indecent exposure? You'd think Officer Krupke would've enjoyed my fineries. I do have good twos. But to be fair, it's about f*ckin' time for CoCo DeVille (yeah, my internal monologue's in the third person, what?), to experience incarceration. I have always had an affinity for handcuffs and chain metal and you get a killer trapezius workout doing pull-ups off a bunk bed. Goodness, I'm gully.

It's only a matter of hours before they find the warrants in Arkansas and Wyoming, but being married just wasn't my thing. True, I had a record of domestic abuse and those deadbeats just would not keep their shit-talkin' traps shut. Those punks should've known what was up when they saw me cleaning my Colt 45 in the ol' husband-beater. On the plus side, my gardenias really blossomed with the help of asshole fertilizer, and their hollowed-out skulls made sick vases. Oh my goth, Aileen Wuornos ain't got shit on me.

So I do a little time, whatevs. I'm used to peeing in public and everyone who's anyone is rocking jumpsuits this season. Good thing I was a girl scout and built for this. Just watch me pinky drill my way out of this dump. If only Martha Stewart had been so prepared. That's right, CoCo DeVille is bustin' out...which brings me to the reason why I'm here in the first place.—*Olivia Allin*

Length & Girth

Hearts Flutter for Dramatic Lashes



Showgirl by Valerie Beverly Hills

Dazzle by Sugar

Extreme pink flair with black feather tips by Make Up Forever

Holiday by Sugar

Shimmer Brocade by Shu Uemura

PHOTO: Carlin Mayer

STYLE: Betsey McLain

Mob Boss Meeting

WOOL COAT BY **MEG,** FAUX FUR STOLE BY **ISAAC MIZRAHI FOR TARGET,** STRIPED SHIRT BY **SEIZE SUR VINGT,** VINTAGE TIE FROM **FLYING A,** VINTAGE DENIM TROUSERS AND SUSPENDERS FROM **LOCAL CLOTHING.**



MODEL: LIUDMILA @ SUPREME. MAKEUP: YUKA HAIR: AYUMI

PHOTO: *Taku* STYLE: *Niki Hall*

In this business, you never really know if you're going to get made or murdered. When the day comes, the timing's tricky. You've busted your ass running shit for free for some fat-cat Capo with alopecia, and even though the food is just aiight at Rao's (sorry, Mr. Pellegrino) you've braved acid reflux dining with the Don Dada and his pea-brained goombas. Still, when they stick you in a sedan and drive to gnarly Bensonhurst, it's hard to tell how it's gonna end up.

As you stare out the tinted windows, you start rethinking your life. If only you'd denied your preternatural love of tweed and Mario Puzo and just gone to Brooklyn Law like your brother Alphonso. Shit, you don't even know how to spell *consigliere.* God knows you had a better chance of extricating yourself before this fall, now that suspenders are trendy again and those masculine Jil Sander wedge booties that look spectacular with high-waisted trousers have hit Barneys. Damn it! Just when you thought you were out…

You took an oath. *Omertà.* You know what that means. Their cosa is like sooo cosa nostra right now. You make a note to reward yourself with a new fedora from the moniest milliner in all of Manhattan if you get out of this alive. But even if they shoot you execution-style, you'll get the last laugh. Your shirt isn't Brioni, it's Turnbull & Asser. Ha!

—Moo "Money Bags" Maggio



THIS PAGE: BIKINI BY **MISS SIXTY,** CHAIN LINK NECKLACE BY **MIO.** THIN CHAIN NECKLACES BY **LU JEWELRY. EARRINGS ARE STYLIST'S OWN.** OPPOSITE PAGE: SWIMSUIT BY **KATNIC,** VINTAGE SKIRT BY **THE WAY WE WORE,** EARRINGS BY **PINK PAISLEY,** TIGHTS BY **FOOT TRAFFIC.**

PHOTO: *Brooke Nipar* STYLE: *Jeannine Han*

Belladonna's Ink

In the last couple of decades, for like no reason, certain girls decided that they were not interested in the goings-on of the adult film world. It's puerile, non-female empowermentish blablabla. But for us more worldly women, if you haven't already done so, check out Belladonna. This 25-year-old actress and producer is the most exquisitely athletic female on the scene. Her hugely successful starring role in 2003's groundbreaking Evil Angel marvel The Fashionistas *is clearly the work of a champ. She's that rare breed of adult film actress that can actually carry a storyline. And we know what a challenge that can be. The star, presently living in Los Angeles, is not only super-sweet and beautiful but is also a proud wife, mother, and winner of the 2006 AVN award for best girl/girl movie for the aptly titled* Belladonna's F*cking Girls. *Bella talks to* Missbehave *about her body's* other *art.*

I was 13 when I got my first tattoo. It's actually covered up now. It was a butterfly floating sideways, but no one could ever tell what it was; they always thought it was a grasshopper. I got it because I wanted to be a rebel, and to get my dad's attention. Like, Look what I did. Funny thing is, it didn't work—he just looked at it and shook his head. When I first started in this industry seven years ago, having tattoos was a really bad thing. I always had people wanting to drape things over my tattoos and keep them covered the entire scene. Or they just plain and simple wouldn't hire me. But now there's a market for that. I have 11 tattoos. On my upper left chest I have a sacred heart, on my lower back I have the word "loyal," on my neck I have *cattivo*, which means "bad" in Italian, but in the masculine form. People are always saying, You know that means bad, like a man? and I'm like, Yes I do. [*Laughs*].

On the knuckles of my left hand is the word "bébé," on my inner left forearm is the word "goddess," and right above that I have a lotus flower, which blends up to a tattoo of water surrounding a seahorse and some starfish. On my lower right forearm it says "bella," and above that is another lotus flower that blends into Aphrodite.

When I got these tattoos I wasn't wasted or anything, I just got them as I went along in life. The one on my lower back is the most meaningful, the one that says "loyal." I got that when I was 18 because I wanted to be loyal to somebody. Until then, I had been in relationships [that] involved a lot of cheating, and I decided I was sick of it. I wanted to have someone be loyal to me. I got it right after I had broken up with a boyfriend. It's a reminder of what's important to me.

I'm not one of those people who are addicted to tattoos. When I finished my right forearm, I was full. That was the end for me. I don't see myself getting tattoos all the way up my arms and legs; I just wouldn't feel sexy that way.
—as told to Yasi Salek

HAIR: ALFRED BONDI ASST. STYLING: THELMA MACIAS

WILD GAME

Stylish Sneakers to Sport come Safari Season.



SKINS & HORN COURTESY OF GALART INTERNATIONAL, GALARTINTL.COM

PHOTO: Jonathon Kambouris STYLE: Samantha Moeller

ART: Michael Godard



Champagne Dreams

Ever since that retarded hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold movie *Pretty Woman*, every freakin' baller with a bottle dunks one of us in some champagne. You know, 'cause garnish is the quickest way to a whore's heart. People act like there's nothing more noble for a strawberry than macerating in a flute of effervescence waiting to be demolished by some holiday glutton. I don't care how much Krug Clos du Mesnil I've managed to absorb, it still hurts like hell.

That being said, it's really upsetting to hear horror stories of perfectly good berries wading in regular ol' sparkling wine. How hideous is that? Floating in Ballatore Gran Spumante masquerading as Dom Pérignon? Ew. Everybody knows that true champagne comprises only pinot noir, pinot meunier, and chardonnay grapes from the region of Champagne, northeast of Paris, slightly shy of the Belgian border, right? At least, anyone worth talking to does.

So please, this Christmas, for the love of Nebuchadnezzar, don't squander the sacrifice of succulent strawberries by sticking them in sub-par sparklers. Colette just came out with a limited-edition, Swarovski crystal-studded collabo with Moët & Chandon, and Louis Roederer's Cristal is still highly delicious and impressive (thinly veiled racist comments and Jigga jinx notwithstanding), '95 and '96 Veuve Clicquots are tasty in both Brut and Rosé, and remember—even a plastered Tara Reid can tell the difference between true champers and a Prosecco.—*S. Fragaria*



Lady Luck Rules OK!

Lady Luck Rules OK! is a fashion accessory line created by Leona Baker, an artist whose vibrant, kitschy offerings prompted us to hunt her down all the way to her London hide-out. Surprisingly, the talented designer and owner of a shop called Suprette opened her door to let us in. We only had to bang really loudly, shriek like twice, and ring her neighbors' doorbells to ask them why she was ignoring us. Not really. She was incredibly hospitable. Regardless, we went straight to her bathroom, which the Brits don't pussyfoot around by calling "bathroom," and just straight-up call "toilet." This is refreshingly honest. Anyhoo, turns out that's her favorite place in the crib so we sat with the 29-year-old in her loo and asked her a litany of questions about the incredibly fly things she's decorated it with.

1. Huge in Jamaica
I have all sorts of baby deer in my collection—Bambi merch, random fawn figures, vases and my fave, Babycham. I have a huge collection of Babycham merchandise. It seemed fitting to decorate the room in the classic Babycham colors—sky blue, cherry red, and sunny yellow. I have tea towels, lights, wall plaques, glasses, beer mats, and candles. I buy a lot from eBay.

2. Product placement, bitches
These are all Lady Luck Rules OK! necklaces—a bright yellow plastic unicorn, an enamel black heart with rainbow design, and a little lipstick gumball charm with a mini bell. LLROK! is an extension of my love for knick-knacks. In addition to designing and producing my own charms, I enjoy sourcing novelty, retro, and retro-inspired charms from around the world and reworking them into crazy danglers.

3. TP brand of choice
Supersoft Andrex.

4. "QUESTION"
I got this amazing RADIO from the same flea market in East Berlin I bought the cola mugs. I got the CLOCK from Alfie's Antiques in West London. It's a very simple pleasure—it's a clock and it says "clock," it's a radio and it says "radio." They appeal to my pop art sensibilities.

5. Vicious Coke habit
I drink sooo many cups of tea a day, it's very old-fashioned and British. This mug is one of a set of four that I picked up from a flea market in East Berlin. Instead of saying "drink," the mugs all say "trink." I also have a vintage Coca-Cola clock, a tin bin which we use as a planter, and a load of stationery.

6. Code blue
We color matched [the bathroom] with a vintage blue toothbrush mug we picked up in Iceland. There wasn't much deliberating, I'm way too impulsive. I couldn't imagine it any other color—it's our blue room. We have a bright red hallway, yellow kitchen, and pink bedroom.

7. Awesome Pirelli calendar
This is a 1974 Pirelli by photographer Hans Feurer. These ran from 1963 until 1988 and were given out as calling cards by Pirelli salesmen. It was a friendly gesture, calculated to sell tires. Last year I finally scooped this one from a vintage store in North London. I was wearing one of my Teeny Bopper rings and the lady who owned the store loved it so we did a part trade. Hurrah!

WORDS: Sara Moskovitz
PHOTO: Jake McGowan

MISSBEHAVE

READER SURVEY

THE FIRST 500 PEOPLE TO SEND OR FAX US A COMPLETED SURVEY WILL RECEIVE A FREE ONE YEAR SUBSCRIPTION OF *MISSBEHAVE* MAGAZINE DELIVERED TO THEIR DOOR! THAT'S FOUR ISSUES FREE!

1. ARE YOU?
❑ Male
❑ Female

2. WHAT IS YOUR AGE?
❑ Under 21
❑ 21-26
❑ 27-35
❑ 36-45
❑ 45+

3. DO YOU OWN ANY CHANEL (BESIDES TOILETRIES)?
❑ Yes
❑ No

4. WHAT IS YOUR ETHNICITY?
❑ African American
❑ Asian
❑ Caucasian
❑ Hispanic
❑ Other

5. WHAT IS YOUR MARITAL STATUS?
❑ Married
❑ Single
❑ Living together
❑ Divorced
❑ Other

6. DO YOU SMOKE?
❑ Yes
❑ No

7. HOW OFTEN DO YOU SHOP ONLINE PER MONTH?
❑ Never
❑ Once or twice
❑ 3 - 4 times
❑ 5 - 6 times

8. DO YOU DRIVE?
❑ Yes
❑ No

9. DO YOU OWN A CAR?
❑ Yes
❑ No

10. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
_____

11. WHICH OF THESE BEST DESCRIBES YOUR OCCUPATION?
❑ Music
❑ Print/Media
❑ Business/Administration
❑ Creative arts
❑ Sales/Marketing
❑ Student
❑ Other

12. PLEASE INDICATE THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF EDUCATION YOU HAVE COMPLETED?
❑ High School
❑ College
❑ Masters Degree
❑ Doctorate

13. WHAT IS YOUR TOTAL HOUSEHOLD INCOME?
❑ Under $25,000
❑ $25,000 - $44,999
❑ $45,000 - $64,999
❑ $65,000 - $84,999
❑ $85,000 - $104,999
❑ $105,000+
❑ Decline to answer

14. WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR CURRENT COPY OF *MISSBEHAVE*?
❑ Subscription
❑ Event/Party
❑ Retail Store
❑ Newsstand
❑ Other

15. BESIDES YOU, HOW MANY PEOPLE READ YOUR COPY OF *MISSBEHAVE*?
❑ 0
❑ 1 - 2
❑ 3 - 6
❑ 7 - 9
❑ 10+

16. HOW LONG DO YOU PLAN TO KEEP YOUR BACK ISSUES OF *MISSBEHAVE*?
❑ Under 1 year
❑ 1–2 years
❑ I'll never part with them shits

17. WHAT'S THE LAST ENVIABLY BIG-TICKET PURCHASE YOU MADE? PLEASE SPECIFY BRANDS FOR YOUR RESPONSE SO WE CAN HATE YOU ACCORDINGLY.
Purse:_____
Sneakers:_____
Shoes:_____
Phone:_____
PDA:_____
Other (please specify what and what brand):_____

18.WE KNOW EVERYTHING IN *MISSBEHAVE* IS ULTRA RAD BUT WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE SECTION??
❑ ADHD
❑ Gimme
❑ Fashion Features
❑ Fashion Graveyard
❑ The Clique (columnists)

19. IF YOU WERE HELD AT GUNPOINT AND HAD TO READ A MAGAZINE THAT WASN'T *MISSBEHAVE* (THE HORROR) WHAT WOULD IT BE?
❑ Tokion
❑ Nylon
❑ Jane
❑ Trace
❑ Other:_____

20. HOW OFTEN DO YOU VISIT *MISSBEHAVE*MAG.COM?
❑ Daily
❑ Weekly
❑ Monthly
❑ Rarely
❑ Never

21. WHAT CELEBRITIES WOULD YOU KILL TO SEE ON THE COVER OF *MISSBEHAVE*?
1._____
2._____
3._____

22. HOW OFTEN DO YOU GET YOUR NAILS DONE?
❑ Twice a week
❑ Weekly
❑ Every other week
❑ When the little islands of polish escape off my nails and into my food
❑ Never

23. WHAT SUPER HUSH-HUSH AND AWESOME FASHION LINE HAVE WE YET TO COVER THAT IS SOOOO *MISSBEHAVE*?_____

24. WHAT BLOGS ARE YOU FRICKIN' OBSESSED WITH RIGHT NOW?
1._____
2._____
3._____

25. HAVE YOU EVER HOOKED UP WITH SOMEONE, LIKE HORIZONTALLY, OFF OF MYSPACE?
❑ Yes
❑ No (but I would)
❑ Ew, never.

26. WHAT BAND/SINGER/YODELER/ PROFESSIONAL LUTE PLAYER ARE YOU MOST INTO RIGHT NOW?
_____

27. DO YOU SNOWBOARD OR SKATE?
❑ Yes
❑ No

28. WHAT DO YOU LIKE OR DISLIKE ABOUT *MISSBEHAVE*?
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

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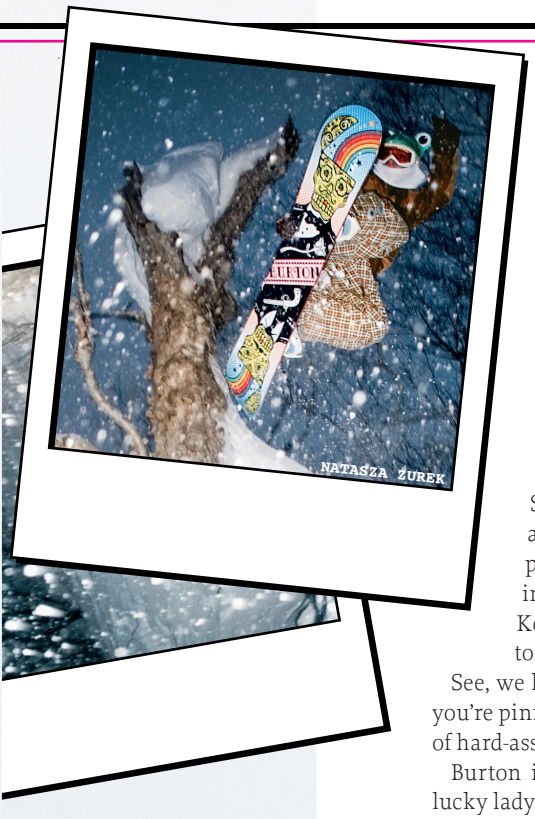
Love Letter Contest!

PHOTO: Shane Nash STYLE: Sally Thurer



MAKEUP: AYA KOURA MODEL/HAIR: KIM MATULOVA

ALL CLOTHES AND BOARD BY **BURTON**



WINTER WONDERLAND

Get Whisked Away with Burton.

So, we were totally just minding our business and putting together a magazine and being completely forlorn and despondent about the impending scariness of winter when Burton, like some Kevlar-clad fairy, swooped in from Burlington, VT, to grant our wishes.

See, we love the big city and we know ya'll do too but if you're pining for pristine powder and not the gravelly grey of hard-ass city snow you are in luck.

Burton is giving away a grip of awesome gear to one lucky lady who can write the best love letter in poem form. The winner will be entered to win the Grand Prize of five (5) days at the Winter Park Colorado resort for you and a friend. Airfare, hotel and ski passes are included.

Stay with me here, 'cause this is important. To enter you must be 18 years-old and you must pen a heroic homage to your favorite mountain and your passion for riding or learning to ride. Look to the format for the Burton "Love Letter" ad campaign for direction 'cause we want potent punches of poetry not longwinded, rambling, epic sonnets. The poem can't be obscene—no limericks about dudes from Nantucket—and it's gotta be totally original (plagiarism's so middle school).

You have to enter via our website ONLY at missbehavemag.com/burton and don't think you're slick by entering more than once 'cause we will kick your butt out of the running. The winner will be selected by a panel of folks from *Missbehave* and Burton and judged on originality, ultra awesomeness, passion, and enthusiasm. So get to scribing.

Enter to win from December 1, 2006 (12/01/06) to February 1, 2007 (02/01/07). The First Prize Winner will be notified by February 28, 2007 (02/28/07).

Don't say we never gave you nothing. Or at least introduced you to folks who give you stuff. Good luck, ladies.

Rules

MISSBEHAVE MAGAZINE LOVE LETTER SNOWBOARD KIT CONTEST OFFICIAL RULES

- NO PURCHASE NECESSARY
- No fee to enter
- A purchase will not improve your chances of winning

Contest begins at 12:01 AM on December 1, 2006 (12/01/06) and ends at 11:59 PM on February 1, 2007 (01/01/07), when all entries must be received.

Entry into this sweepstakes automatically enters you into the Burton "Love Letter Contest" administered by Burton Snowboards.

ENTRY IN THIS CONTEST CONSTITUTES YOUR ACCEPTANCE OF THESE OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

Sponsored by BURTON SNOWBOARDS ("Burton"), located at 80 Industrial Parkway, Burlington, Vermont USA and Mass Appeal Publishing and Missbehave Magazine, located at 261 Vandervoort Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11201. Burton and Missbehave, including their respective subsidiaries, affiliates, agents, advertising, promotion and production agencies, are collectively referred to herein as the "Sponsors".

ELIGIBILITYThis contest is only open to legal residents of the continental United States (excluding RI) and Canada (excluding Quebec) who are 18 years of age or older as of the date of entry. Void where prohibited. It is subject to all federal, state, and local laws and regulations. Employees of Sponsors and their immediate family members (parents, children, siblings and spouses of children or siblings) and household members are not eligible.

ENTRY VIA THE INTERNET ONLY

To enter, visit http://www.missbehavemag.com/burton, complete the entry form and submit it as instructed. Include your poem to your favorite mountain in the same format as the Burton Love Letter Ad Campaign, brevity is preferred. This is the only method of entry. One entry per person/email address. Entries that are lost, late, misdirected, incorrect, garbled, or incompletely received, for any reason, including by reason of hardware, software, browser, or network failure, malfunction, congestion, or incompatibility at Sponsors' servers or elsewhere, will not be eligible. Sponsors, in their sole discretion, reserve the right to disqualify any person tampering with the entry process or the operation of the web site. Use of bots or other automated process to enter is prohibited and may result in disqualification at the sole discretion of Sponsors. Sponsors further reserve the right to cancel, terminate or modify any promotion not capable of completion as planned, including by reason of infection by computer virus, bugs, tampering, unauthorized intervention, force majeure or technical failures of any sort. In the event of a dispute, entries will be deemed submitted by the authorized account holder of the email address submitted at the time of entry. "Authorized account holder" is defined as the natural person who is assigned to an e-mail address by an Internet Access Provider, online service provider, or other organization (e.g., business, educational institute) that is responsible for assigning e-mail addresses for the domain associated with the submitted e-mail address.

Sponsors are not responsible for errors in the administration or fulfillment of this sweepstakes, including without limitation mechanical, human, printing, distribution or production errors, and may modify or cancel this promotion based upon such error at its sole discretion without liability.

ALL SUBMISSIONS

All submissions become the property of Sponsors and will not be acknowledged or returned. Potentially offensive entries to the "Love Letter Contest" will not be considered. Responses must be your own original language, not anyone else's copyrighted and/or trademarked words. You assign all of your rights in your entry, including copyright, to Sponsors. You hereby give Sponsors the absolute right to use your response for any lawful purpose whatsoever in any and all forms of media, in relation to this contest. You hereby waive any right that you may have to inspect or approve the finished products, if any, that use your entry and any compensation resulting from the entry you submit.

All entries are subject to verification. Any entry that is tampered with, counterfeited, illegible, mutilated, reproduced, contains printing or other errors, obtained where prohibited or not obtained legitimately, is null and void.

SUBMISSION REVIEW

All entries will be judged based on originality (25%), creativity (25%), passion for riding or learning to ride (50%),by a panel of Burton and Missbehave Magazines representatives.

The one (1) entry with the highest overall score will be declared the potential winner. In the event of a tie, the potential winner will be decided based on the passion for riding or learning to ride criteria. Potential Winner will be notified by mail and/or email on or about February 28, 2007. If potential winner cannot be contacted, does not respond within five (5) days, or the prize or prize notification is returned as undeliverable, such potential winner forfeits all rights to any prize and an alternate winner may be selected.

PRIZE AND ITS APPROXIMATE RETAIL VALUE ("ARV")

There is one (1) prize consisting of: one (1) Burton Feelgood snowboard, one (1) pair of Burton Lexa bindings, one (1) pair of Burton Sapphire boots, one (1) Burton snowboard Round-Up jacket, one (1) pair of Burton Cargo Elite snowboard pants, one (1) first layer mid layer crew top, one (1) first layer mid layer bottom, one (1) Burton K-Moss beanie hat, one (1) pair of Burton Approach gloves, one (1) pair of Burton Fiesta socks, one (1) pair of Anon Majestic goggles, one (1) R.E.D. Reya helmet, one (1) Motorola phone (service plan not included) and Bluetooth Headset Approximate retail value $1702.00. The winner of the above mentioned prize will have their love letter entered into a round of judging for the Grand Prize. The Grand Prize winner will be judged based on the same criteria of the first prize winner. The Grand Prize shall include five (5) night stay for two (2) at the Winter Park, Colorado resort. Also included are two (2) round trip airline tickets, five (5) night hotel stay, two (2) five (5) day ski passes and three meals a day. Grand Prize not to exceed a total retail value of Five Thousand US Dollars ($5,000).

Winner will be solely responsible for all federal, state and local taxes, license fees or other costs. Sponsors are not responsible for delays in delivery of any prize, and delivery is subject to availability. Winner shall bear all risk of loss or damage to prize after it has been received, except where damage is specifically covered by warranty. Sponsors are not under any obligation to provide winner with any other substitute prize. In the event a winner is or becomes ineligible, the prize may be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner.

Winner will be issued W-9 tax forms for the approximate retail value of the prize.

Prizes are non-transferable; no substitutions, exchanges, or cash redemptions. Potential Winner will be required to execute and return an Affidavit of Eligibility (including social security number) and Liability/Publicity/Copyright Permission Release within fourteen (14) days of notification or prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected.

By participating in this contest, entrants agree to abide by and be bound by these Official Rules. Participants agree that this contest is governed by the laws of the State of New York. Any claims arising out of the contest shall be governed by New York state law and may be brought only in a federal or state court in New York. If any provisions of these Official Rules are held to be invalid or unenforceable, all remaining provisions hereof will remain in full force and effect.

By accepting a prize, winner grants to Sponsors the right to use his/her name, likeness, hometown biographical information and winning entry, for any lawful purpose, without further permission or compensation, except where prohibited by law.

By accepting a prize, winner releases Sponsors and their respective subsidiaries, retailers, distributors, affiliates and their agents, advertising, promotion and production agencies from all losses and any and all liability for any loss, harm, damages, costs or expenses, damages, rights, claims, and actions of any kind in connection with the Love Letter Contest, including without limitation, property damages, personal injury and/or death, arising out of participating in this contest, or the acceptance, possession, use or misuse of any prize.

PRIVACY

By entering the contest, you are agreeing to Sponsors use of your personal information as described in Sponsors' Privacy Policies, located at www.burton.com and missbehavemag.com. By providing your email address, you grant Sponsors the right to send you commercial messages and share your address with others, unless specified otherwise as indicated on the entry form.

For the name of the winner, send a SASE to Missbehave Magazine, 261 Vandervoort Avenue, Brooklyn NY 11201 to the attention to: Samantha Moeller after 2/28/07 but before 8/28/07.

burton WINTER PARK anon. R.E.D MOTOROLA

WORDS: Leah Rose
PHOTO: Elin Berge



THE KNIFE

Scandinavian Siblings Making Music

Dressing for work in a strap-on papier-mâché bird mask is plenty weird. Weirder still is working with a sibling who's down to put one on with you. Meet Olof Dreijer and Karin Dreijer Andersson, the Swedish brother and sister who make up the Knife, a duo that devotes as much energy to their bizarre physical appearance as the ethereal electro pop they create.

"It is very much theater when we make music," says Karin, 31. "Everything we do is about using characters and telling stories." Prolific in their feverish sound since 1999, the group's latest LP, *Silent Shout*, is their third and most critically lauded to date. "When we released it we wanted a much more occult feeling," explains younger brother, Olof, 25, of the album. "But at the same time, have this humorous tension. I think the beak masks make sense in that way."

The beak masks make tons of sense. Loads. So do their long, swishy black capes. The Knife is awesome in their seriousness and unnerving in appearance, and their darkly kinetic music is simply incredible. Though they went from virtual unknowns in the States to just recently racking up rave reviews in domestic glossies, the Knife has been a national treasure in their native Stockholm for years. In 2003, they were awarded a Swedish Grammy for Pop Group of the Year and a Swedish Hit Music Award for Best Video for their super-addictive single "Heartbeats," from their completely bonkers second album, *Deep Cuts*.

"I didn't want to start a band," reflects Olof, who was enrolled in art school when they created the group. "[But] Karin had some song ideas she wanted to try to record on the computer, which I had been doing for a while. I was the little brother, so I said yes." Karin's coaxing worked, and 2000 saw the release of their first 7", "Afraid of You" on Rabid Records, a label Karin established two years earlier when she was a singer and guitarist in an experimental indie-rock band by the amazing name Honey is Cool. With the debut of their first release, Olof and Karin decided to become Rabid's flagship act and call themselves the Knife. "I think we just wanted to describe what kind of music we wanted to make," says Karin about their ahem, sharp choice of moniker. "It should be tough, I think. But, it's just a name."

Though they live in separate cities when not on tour, Karin in Stockholm and Olof in Berlin, the kin work in extremely close quarters when recording. In fact, they enjoyed almost complete seclusion recording their latest album below the earth's surface. "It's very hard to find studios in Stockholm, they're very expensive," explains Olof. "The only [space] we could get was a dungeon two or three floors underground. It was nice. Everyone has dark moments in life, and that's where you find depth." "Anyway," he deadpans, "we had to move because the brick was falling apart."

Olof and Karin weren't anxious to get buried alive, so they moved above sea level and worked from nine to five every day for a full year before releasing *Silent Shout* in July. "I think our music has become much more high-tech," says Karin of the group's evolution. "When we started, we played a lot of actual instruments, like accordion, flute, and guitar. Today, we always use MIDI and different kinds of synthesizers. You can get the sounds that nobody has recorded."

The twosome kicked off their first international tour in Milan this past October, and you can catch their original sonic flavor and their spectacular stage act of large dolls and images projected onto giant screens. Olof and Karin are the ones in the middle, conducting the chaos, looking like pre-rhinoplasty Ashlee Simpsons.


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www.bbdakota.com

TREVOR ANDREW

Crunk Rock Olympiad

Meet Trevor Andrew. He's the kind of dude that can pull off a pot-leaf stud earring and a haircut hovering dangerously close to being a mullet. He's also the kind of guy that gets his first official "crunk rock" show (we'll explain later) shut down due to "crowd rowdiness." He was the one smoking a cigarette at the top of the mountain before his Olympic snowboarding run in 2002. He's sponsored by Oakley, Burton, Analog, Gravis, and Prosk8s, and he's kind of a badass. Kind of.

The other side to Trevor is the one that apologizes when he's late, the one that pays for your drinks when you forget to go to the ATM. So basically, he's (let us apologize in advance for the lame metaphor) magnetic. There's really no other word to describe him. It's impossible to get off the phone with him as he tells you about the aforementioned crunk rock—"It's programmed drum sounds with kind of like up-tempo '80s synth-rock style, with a bit of old hip hop." Of course it is. What is it about him that makes you keep listening to how good the snow is in British Columbia? Maybe it's his killer phone voice. (Never underestimate the power of a good phone voice.)

Andrew, 27, has led a non-traditional life, touring the world via his snowboard since the age of 13, but the snowboarder/musician comes off as a completely normal, ideal mix of nice guy and bad boy. Andrew has adjusted to spending half his time in NYC, where he says "everyone's on their hustle," and where he rehearses and plays music with his group, Trouble. But despite his laidback attitude, he remains his own worst critic, "When I first started playing live," Andrew remembers, "I would go backstage after a show and think, Oh my God, I'm a f*ckin' idiot. Why am I doing this?"

Fortunately, he eased up on himself when he found out that riotous fans don't really notice mistakes. "That's part of performing live, too. It's about being able to have fun and not about being perfect," he adds. Not perfect, huh? That's currently up for debate, since we already maybe decided while waiting for him, that he kinda was. Sure, he's running late, but he's already texted, "Sorry to b a pain in the ass. I suck!" Damn him! Why is self-deprecation so freakin' sexy?

Check out Trevor Andrew in all his irresistible glory at *trevorandrew.com.*

WORDS: Maureen Dempsey PHOTO: Brooke Nipar





L TO R: JAY LEO, AARON, DONI AND BETH

FORGET CASSETTES

Tennessee Rock Titans

WORDS: Cary Graber PHOTO: Derin Thorpe

Forget Cassettes have three hours to kill. The four band members–Beth, Doni, Jay Leo, and Aaron–hang out at Pianos, a venue on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, waiting to start their 11 PM set. Their outfits don't match and they don't feign coolness. They're affably drinking Anchor Steam and whiskey and devoid of the requisite rockstar sullenness, so much so that you wonder if they're any good. Once they get onstage, though, you feel like a simple asshole for having doubted. Forget Cassettes is a serious rock band. Jay Leo, quiet and measured at the bar, is jumping around the small stage with his bass, providing dark back-up vocals for Beth, as Aaron, suddenly sinewy behind the drums, plays with a viciousness that causes many in the crowded room to insert earplugs. New York rock bands take note: Nashville's got some contenders.

Forget Cassettes is headed by 25-year-old Beth Cameron, a small but sturdy Tennessee native with shaggy, cropped dark hair. She picked up the guitar at 13 and, citing PJ Harvey as a major influence, was "never scared" to sing out. "I was like, This is what I'm going to do," states Beth, "I taught myself my favorite records, which [at the time] was the riot grrl stuff." Belied by her dainty frame and the delicate white lace of her form-fitting mini-dress, Beth performs with her feet planted on the stage, hips jutted forward, head aggressively whipping side to side. Her vocals start clear and sweet, then become guttural yet controlled.

The group dynamic is seemingly harmonious but it was not always so. Upon recording their first album *Instruments of Action*, Cassettes, then a twosome, split up, and drummer Doni Schroader left to play with the much more famous Austin, Texas band ...And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead. Beth, never skipping a beat, recruited two Theory 8 labelmates, 29-year-old multi-instrumentalist Jay Leo Phillips, originally from Alabama, and 29-year-old drummer Aaron Ford from Georgia. They released *Salt* this past August—nine tracks of hollow, creeping guitar, sober bass, and crashing drums. Like a prodigal son, Doni then returned, this time on keyboard, and the previously dismantled, newly assembled group has been on tour throughout the fall.

Though the city conjures images of statuesque hair and country music, Forget Cassettes won't be headed for New York or Los Angeles any time soon. Geographically central, Nashville is ideal for touring, and practice space is affordable, a fact made clear by the synchronicity of their ambitious sound. "We've thrown the idea around of leaving," says Beth, "but it's a really easy city to be in a band and be a musician." They're chaotic, yet refined. Forget Cassettes but don't overlook them.



CHEAP MONDAY

Jeans for Satan

Missbehave supports anything the church is against—sex education, freedom of choice, Liberals, sex with Liberals, etc. So when American bible bashers accused Swedish clothing line Cheap Monday of promoting "Satanism among youth," we were sorta relieved... 'cause it deflected some of their wrath at us. See, the company's label has a skull with an upside-down cross on its forehead, which is basically the sweetest design ever, but many Christians got their full-butt panties in a twist for, like, no reason. Okay, fine, so it might have also had something to do with Cheap Monday's graphic designer, Bjorn Atldax, 32, telling the media that they were kinda into the devil. But that was one time, and it could've been a dare or something.

Thing is, judging by the number of Wal-Mart fans in the red states, Christians love value, right? So they should totally have a barn dance or tip cows or whatever people in landlocked states do, 'cause get this: Cheap Monday has over-dyed, awesome, tapered jeans for 60 clams! Creative Director Örjan Andersson, 34, and designer Sanna Atldax, 32, got tired of the absurd prices of designer denim, so they made their own. Örjan, who cut his teeth with denim monster Lee, wanted to create something inexpensive that didn't look like, as he says, "L.A. brands."

We're stoked about the result. The jeans, available at Opening Ceremony in NYC and online at bluebee.com, caress curves with a shrewdly tapered leg, plus the company takes quality and value seriously. "We really work on keeping the low prices," says Sanna, who is not only the women's wear designer, but is married to Bjorn, "otherwise we would have to change the name to Expensive Friday [*Laughs*]."

And as if thrifty jeans weren't excitement enough, Cheap Monday is introducing more colors and fits for spring with a full line that includes tops and outerwear. So even though the brand still gets emails telling them to "burn in hell," it's still worth it to roll with them. Come on, it's not like the church has a sense of humor, rational thought processes, or global perspective, anyway. Most importantly, only homely people get the stigmata. Remember that.—*Olivia Allin*



ILLUSTRATION (DETAIL): BJORN ATLDAX


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NEVER ENOUGH

The indomitable Paris/Miami rap sensation Uffie can't and won't stop

WORDS: Maggie Serota PHOTOS: Colby Katz



When Parisian (by way of Miami) rap sensation Uffie, née Anna-Catherine Hartley, picks up her cell phone, it's apparent she's having a long day. "Can you call me back in 15 minutes?" she asks, apologetic and harried. "I just ran out to get some cigarettes."

Later, Uffie sounds cheerful but tired, and with reason. She's just returned from her US tour and since starting to collaborate with boyfriend and producer DJ Feadz, a.k.a. Fabien Pianta, a year ago, the 18-year-old's life has picked up at a rather aggressive pace.

"Feadz was always asking me to do vocals because he thinks I have a strange voice," Uffie recounts of her initiation into music. "He thinks it sounds very childlike." The then-17-year-old obliged, and the end result has been club bangers that combine Feadz's electro-tinged hip-hop beats and her hypnotically subdued timbre. Oh, and the fact that she's a gorgeous girl with a coy yet übersexual sensibility certainly doesn't hurt matters.

Since "Pop the Glock" was released last February, Uffie has received accolades from the likes of Dim Mak records head honcho and DJ Steve Aoki, as well as acclaimed DJ Tommie Sunshine and French music producer Mr. Oizo. But with adulation come predictable comparisons to other female rappers. "Peaches is the one I hear all the time," she grumbles. "We have absolutely nothing in common, except we both like to say 'f*ck' a lot."

Parallels to the lusty Toronto-bred rapper, made famous by her 2001 debut, *The Teaches for Peaches*, aren't entirely baseless. On the "Pop the Glock" b-side, "Ready to Uff," released by the Paris-based Ed Banger Records, our girl capitalizes on Feadz's raucous, thumping Miami bass backdrop by repeatedly declaring that she is, in fact, "ready to f*ck." Lyrically, Uffie could never be accused of being overly ambitious, spitting 16s like "I run the show/You go too slow/Pick up the pace with your cracked-out face."

Her second 12", released in November, includes the tracks "Hot Chick" and "In Charge", and feature a girl still searching for her own voice but definitely getting there. Her progress will be evident when her as-yet-untitled full length drops sometime in 2007.Uffie is grinding to ready the world for her debut, touring the US twice along with multiple forays across Europe. She's also no stranger to Asia, having spent a portion of her childhood in the former British colony of Hong Kong. "I even went to a Cantonese school," she remembers. "I was young enough to pick up the language."

Born to an American mother and British father, Uff is part of a large and convoluted brood of siblings, half-siblings, and step-siblings. Since she was the last child between her parents, they started referring to her as "Uffie," an abbreviation of "enough." The nickname stuck.

Though no longer trying to sow more oats, her father, Myles, had his hands full with other ventures while Uffie was growing up. As director for clothing brands like



Mavi Jeans and Mast Industries, he inundated his daughter with an awareness of fashion from a very young age. "My dad is one guy with amazing fashion sense," Uffie declares with no small amount of awe, "Sometimes he just looks so stylish, I don't even want to stand next to him." She pauses before adding, "My dad is a total pimp."

Sailing was among Myles' favored pimpish past times, until one misguided trip led his family to almost get swallowed up in a typhoon. "After that," she says, "my mom was like, That's it, we're moving back home."

The home in question was Miami, where Uffie lived happily from age 11 to 15, until she took a fateful vacation to Paris. "I came here on holiday and realized, Wow, I can do what I want here." Uffie enrolled in an international high school, only to drop out after being put off by her privileged classmates.

Despite lacking a high school diploma, Uffie was accepted into fashion school on the strength of her sketches. Of course, since her music career has taken off, that too has been put on the back burner. "[Paris] is a great place to be young, it's not dodgy or strange. Of course, I do have to support myself, and that sucks," she complains.

Earning her keep in a cosmopolitan city may be tiresome, but for Uffie the view is worth the worry. She adores the "anything goes" fashion sense of Parisians, though occasionally marred by the Abercrombish predictability of American tourists. "People here will wear prom dresses to the movies," she says gleefully, before bemoaning the eyesores of sorority types who pop up during spring break. Her most loathed look (understandably) is the ubiquitous and not-at-all acceptable, "track pants with writing across the butt." Juicy.

What Uffie wears while performing embodies a brazen spirit, as evidenced by her baggy colorful hoodies coupled with almost non-existent shorts, tank tops, and knee socks with sneakers. "My style onstage is not my everyday style," Uffie clarifies. "It's really trashy. My music is my 'night attitude.' I'm actually a big jeans person."

Like all of us, the girl spends a lot of time thinking about, talking about, or buying clothes, but it's clear that music is a top priority. The only thing even remotely jockeying for first place is her relationship with Feadz, who some might consider scandalously older at the age of 27. "We'll have been together 3 years on Valentine's Day." Uffie coos, "We're best friends and lovers. It's impossible to do music together without getting intimately involved. I wouldn't be able to get through touring without him."

It's fortunate, then, that they are together, since she certainly has a great deal of traveling ahead of her this year, with stints in Brazil and Australia already locked down. "I'll be spending Christmas on the plane," Uffie laments. In between all the global gallivanting, the young star is anxious to record and put out a full album. For now, she'd just like the luxury of slowing down and actually taking a minute to breathe. "This all still really hasn't hit me yet," Uffie reflects before adding, "It will probably hit me when I'm 50." You know, when Feadz is 59. ★




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Harmonic Hairdoo #4, 2006



GOOD HAIR

Icelandic Installation Artist Hrafnhildur Arnardottir, a.k.a. Shoplifter, and her Lavish Locks

Hair tells a story. From root to shaft, it is a living document of one's life experience. For this reason, it is the driving force and raw material behind the artwork of Icelandic artist Hrafnhildur Arnardottir, a.k.a. Shoplifter. The pseudonym "Shoplifter" was born when her given name, rife with consecutive consonants, was butchered by an American tongue. She finds the nickname comical. Hrafnhildur, after all, is, if anything, anti-shoplifter, having worked a great deal in retail in her lifetime. Now, Shoplifter, with her graying hair and rather mundane appearance, enjoys the irony. Her friends call her Shoppy.

Shoplifter garnered the most notoriety when she collaborated with fellow Icelander Björk on her 2004 album *Medulla*. As providence would have it, the medulla is a "fundamental particle of hair." For the cover, Shoplifter sought to produce a piece that would mirror the raw, soaring vocals of the music. The partnership begat an intricately woven hair mask that engulfs Björk's ethereally pale face. The image crafted stands as one of the most haunting and enduring pieces of CD artwork to date.

Shoplifter grew up in Iceland, a country that heavily informs her artistic sensibilities and serves as an influence to the artist she is today. Born with a creative inkling that was encouraged by her parents, Shoppy engaged in arts and craft as a young child in order to entertain herself and avoid depression (which is easy to fall into, due to the short days and cold nights of Icelandic winters).

It was 14 years ago that Shoppy first boarded the five-hour flight to New York on a graduation trip. She immediately fell in love with the city and moved shortly thereafter to study at the School of Visual Arts. She graduated in 1996 with a Master in Fine Arts, and has since existed straddling both homes, going back and forth between Iceland and NYC as often as possible.

The New York fashion scene plays a significant role in Shoplifter's aesthetic. There is a clear link between the vanity of fashion and the



HARMONIC HAIRDOO #4, LADY, LEGS AND THE SÉANCE © HRAFNHILDUR ARNARDOTTIR



WORDS: GIOVANNAH CHIU

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: **STEEL AND KNIFE STYLE**, PHOTO BY EREZ SEBAG. **LADY & LEGS**, 2000. **THE SÉANCE** FROM A PERFORMANCE *KNITTED AURA* AT GAVIN BROWN'S ENTERPRISE, 2002. **BJÖRK** WEARING A HAIRSCULPTURE BY SHOPLIFTER ON THE COVER OF HER CD SINGLE, *OCEANIA*, FROM *MEDULLA*, 2004. PHOTO BY INEZ VAN LAMSWEERDE AND VINOODH

egocentrism that defines much of her work. For her, these characteristics are not automatically negative and do not exist under the stigma that is typically allocated to them. She likes to dwell in her self-absorption in a strange combination of comfort and embarrassment, "I am my most favorite medium," she notes.

Most of Shoplifter's subjects are female. She likes to compare her work to brocade furniture and the beauty of excess decoration. With women, hair becomes a reflection of this extravagance. In her work "Left and Right Brain," the excess of human thought is decoratively depicted through hair. Hair is an ancient material, the ultimate thread of humanity. The fiber is also connected to Shoppy's fondness for crocheting and knitting—both traditionally feminine forms of artistry that are much like the activities she grew up on in Iceland. Such materials and techniques predate, yet outlive, modern forms of media. "Hair holds much history and humanity," Shoppy gracefully concludes.

Shoplifter's focus on vanity is not solely for deep, important self-analysis. In fact, the magic truly begins when Shoppy adds levity to it all. This is evidenced in Shoppy's "Lady and Legs," a photo collection of headshots and legs arranged in a matrix which represents the body-part dilemma—a mélange of parts we like and dislike about ourselves. It has the hopeful earnestness of a small-town beauty queen. For the work, Shoppy studied different, ideal positions using the golden measure of posing to simulate the celebrity-status shot people so desperately want captured. It depicts the easy patness of surface and face value, like a mannequin.

Despite existential explorations in her philosophy, there is nothing pretentious about Shoplifter. There is fundamental honesty in her work, coupled with a great sense of humor. When she is not tending to her family or hard at work in her Lower Manhattan Cultural Council Studio, Shoppy works on several side projects. She and collaborator Edda Gudmundsdottir work together as a fashion consulting and styling team under the name Steel and Knife Style. In the past, her collaborations with fashion designers such as Tess Giberson and the former As Four produced intriguing one-off pieces.

More recently, Nike commissioned Shoppy for an art installation shared with Ryan McGinley in New York and Milan. For this show, Shoplifter dissected Nike shoes using flattened sneaker soles and butterflied uppers to punctuate her trademark hair designs. The resulting work was an entire gallery wallpapered in an installation of repeating and mesmerizing patterns. Weight-bearing columns were resplendent with braided hair buns, and even light-switch panels and crown molding were meticulously wrapped in a fluid kaleidoscope of strands and shoe parts.

Hrafnhildur unspools miles of her favorite follicular medium from her innermost thoughts in an inventive, everwinding path to her egocentric core. To enjoy it, all we have to do is seek out the thread of hair, pick it up, and follow her in. ★



THE UNFORGIVEN

WORDS: MARY H.K. CHOI

WE BRING YOU THE MISSBEHAVE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO REVENGE

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Some eighteenth-century British poet once said, "To err is human, to forgive, divine." Lofty stuff. But what if your man, by whom you've stood through unemployment, depression, or mild-to-severe alcoholism, has the gall to then nail your friend? I mean, you totally didn't do anything wrong, but now you're sentenced to a good 365 days of convulsive rage. Dude, that's a lot of festering. Don't quote me on this, but I'm pretty sure that's where tumors come from.

Thing is, when screwed over in love, friendship, business, or if your neighbor is less than neighborly, it is your right—nay, your responsibility—to restore order to the cosmic balance. Willing your ex-boyfriend and slut-whore ex-bestie into getting eviscerated by stingrays won't actually make it happen (pour some out for Steve Irwin). Karma's a pothead, so sometimes you gotta coax that bad boy along. Please note—the key to justice is balance. Vengeance is a masterful art. One "exacts" revenge or "gets even," and so the point is to right the wrong and then stop. For the litigious among you, may I clarify: *Missbehave* does not accept any liability for the crazies reading this. We are not cosigning *Fatal Attraction*-type bunny boilings, willy-nilly dick-ectomies, or blowing up any Upper East Side brownstones.

GROUND RULES

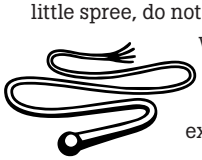
Before we move forward, there are, as with anything, some ground rules. Anger is hella confusing, so here is some guidance.

RULE No.1



Nobody can get seriously hurt. No maiming of any kind—and this goes for animals too, you sicko. No blood can be drawn, no broken bones, no bruises. If you feel your psycho itching, put this article down immediately and go take a cold shower.

RULE No.2



Smell that? That's a bridge burning. After your little spree, do not expect to have a relationship with this person. That means no more of that hot, tempestuous, hate sex with the ex. No mas. Nathan.

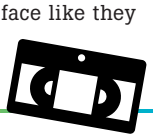
RULE No.3



If, on your third glass of antioxidant-rich, four-dollar pomegranate tea, you can truly envision yourself getting over it...get the hell over it. You gotta have follow-through for this sport and frankly if you're generous and chi-centered, then congratulations and call it a day.

RULE No.4

By god, make sure he doesn't have the sex tape. The paragon of good taste and impulse control that cheated on you might actually know how to work YouTube. The Internet needs to see your harshly lit O face like they need another LG15 installment.

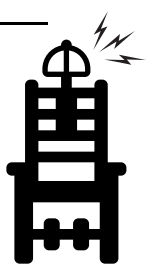


RULE No.4 ADDENDUM

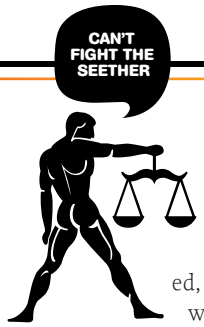


Same goes for your friend. If she's compiled enough dirt on you, figure out if it's worth it.

RULE No.5



During your vigilante vendetta-fest you may be tempted to forget about those little mores of society called The Law. Seriously, if your ass gets busted, you're on your own. Again, don't sue us. Ever. At any point. Thanks.



Without further ado, here are our painstakingly collected suggestions split into four categories—Business, Neighbors, Friendship, and Love. To the untrained eye, some of these revenges could be construed as mere "pranks." But do not get it twisted, sister, these deeds are actually holy conduits through which harmony and justice travel. God speed.

BUSINESS

Okay, work is a goddamn crapshoot. Either it's birthday cake-fest every day with hour-long lunches spent porkin' out on Bloomin' Onions or Jamba Juice with your corporate compadres, or you're clock-watching and doing long division to see if your paycheck is worth it. Your colleagues are either well-meaning, industrious folk or a halitosis-blessed, two-faced, web-toed clan of hateful banshees. You spend more than half your waking life with these people. No sense getting postal. Release some of that bad energy, let it rain, clear it out. From habitually stealing food from the communal fridge and pocketing your Swingline to snaking your sale and weaseling your promotion, here are some options to temper your temperament so you don't have to temp.

1. The number of phone calls any employee receives is high enough to be completely demoralizing... multiplied by two. Most offices have a corporate phone system installed with call forwarding available in user-option prompts. Call forward 40 random lines to this person's desk. Start with the Sales Department or Accounts Payable.



2. For every girl in an unspeakably freezing office building, there is an office sweater. Usually inexpensive and generic, this cardigan or hoodie is slung on the back of her chair after hours. Buy the same sweater in a smaller size—small enough that the snugness is noticeable, but not enough to raise suspicion. Feed her bear claws for a week prior, make the switch, and then drop seemingly innocuous comments about "secretarial spread" and cayenne pepper/maple syrup fasts.

3. We are all grown-ups. In fact, some of us have been for quite some time. However, the singular indignity of being female and needing to poo at the office is not something you get used to. The shame is directly proportionate to the sexiness of not only your job description but also that of your female colleagues. A well-placed laxative can do wonders for your morale. Slip some in your duplicitous coworker's coffee and smile as she makes conspicuous trips to a ladies room on another floor. This unfortunately does not work for he of the less-fair species. Not only do they have no problem doing number 2 during the 9-to-5, they have the admirable foresight to bring reading material.



4. Take an X-Acto knife or box cutter and slice the ridged plastic tubing on the back of any ergonomic chair. The tubing protects the metal shaft that attaches the backrest to the bottom of the chair. Insert 2–3 sardines in it. Wait. Make sure this person is not within wafting distance of your workstation. Otherwise, you have just cut off your nose to spite your face.



NEIGHBORS

You've Craigslisted and palm-greased your way into a fabulous new abode. Stabilized rent, walk-in closet, sumptuous pre–war sized bedroom, and a freakin' elevator. Against sizable odds, you have won that lottery of apartment-searching in a large city. But what if the person living next to you is a crotchety, vile, passive-aggressive bitch who, despite the amazingness of rent-controlled living since '94, seems to have an axe to grind against you? Always calling the cops when you have a get-together, always ringing your bell to complain about the occasional barking of your otherwise completely mute dog. Meanwhile, she insists on screaming and beating the living crap out of her boyfriend/spouse through your shared drywall. You did not pay an extortionate broker's fee or view 45 roach-infested apartments to succumb to living at your neighbor's will. She's never going to move out, she's paying $670 for a two-bedroom. Sage burning's for hippies; revenge is *so* the new Feng Shui.



1. If you spy your neighbor sporting some sequin-dappled get-up on her way out, make haste and Super Glue the lock on her front door. Just insert the conical part of the tube in her keyhole and squeeze. Judging from the broken blood vessels on her nose, she'll be out for a while. Upon her return, lull yourself to sleep with the $400 whirring of a drill as her new locks are put in.

2. List her apartment on Craigslist as having an open house from 9 AM–7 PM both days of the weekend. Remember to not only include detailed directions and an anonymous Craigslist email as the contact, but also list it at slightly less than the median range for the neighborhood and mention that it has no fee. Use all the overzealous capital letters, exclamation marks, and deplorable spelling to blend in with the general level of intellect that big-city brokers possess.



3. Go to your public library. Avert your gaze as you zoom past the friendly neighborhood library masturbators, and grab all the subscription cards from the magazines. Take a creative sampling, carefully dodging any titles that she may actually enjoy reading. If she's a Republican, we suggest *The Nation*. If she's a pacifist, sign her up for *Tactical Knives* or *Guns & Ammo*. Take mind of the frequency of the issues ranging from weeklies to monthlies. Jot down your neighbor's name and address on the card and check "bill me later". Dealing with collection agencies will teach her patience.

4. Even though skimming *The 7 Habits of Highly Effective People* is not the same as actually studying for your GMATs, you learned about synergy. Like the shrewd, manipulative bastard that you are, you've made nice with the office UPS delivery guy. Ply him with charming complaints about your neighbor, laying the distressed damsel act on thick. Coerce him into giving you an entire stack of the Post-It-like "sorry we missed you" labels. Periodically stick them on your neighbor's door, leaving a fake tracking number. When she's made peace with never receiving that package, switch the tracking number and repeat.



FRIENDSHIP

When you move away from home, long past the umbilical twang of your loving yet wheedling mother, your friends become your family. Maybe you met them working in the same industry, maybe you hit it off at a party, or maybe you moved to the big city with them. Regardless, these people are important to you. I mean, hell, after a certain point you don't even get to choose. These are your homies and for the select few, you will (and do) ride or die with them. So it's particularly heinous when this person grabs you by the shoulders, swivels you around, takes a serrated blade, and plunges it into your back. She may sleep with your beau, steal your job, or take an idea of yours and make it hers. The key to handling business on someone who knows you well is the element of surprise. Be livid and be freaked out. Go to her house, pick up all of your belongings, and tie up loose ends. Bring a box with some cursory items of hers to return as a decoy. Wait a while. Then, implore her for an explanation, feign mending, and do the whole sobby-sobby hug-it-out thing. When the dust has settled and she's back to leaving you sycophantic comments on your MySpace page—strike.



1. If she lives in the outer boroughs, frequently call all car services in the 10–15 block radius to pick that person up. Friday night, airports, mid-afternoon, morning, whatever. Do it from a random payphone or a blocked work number since most places have caller ID. Over time, her address becomes red flagged as a troublesome customer and she'll be blackballed.



2. On a table, pool every article of clothing that you still have of hers. Neatly fold her Acne Jeans and Grey Ant bib dress, remembering to use Super Glue to solder each fold in place. Use a thin line about a quarter-inch away from the fold so as to ensure that even the nimblest fingers can't muster enough leverage to pry the fabric open. Additionally, carefully dot every inch of the inside folded portion to ensure ruination. Place an encyclopedia on the folded parcel overnight to secure your work. Post all clothing to her work address.

3. Scour the sordid underbelly of the Internet to find pictures of an amateur "model." It's like picking ponies at the racetrack—there are some seemingly arbitrary yet critical criteria that you should take into account. She must be spread-eagled or giving the "backshot" pose in at least 80 percent of the pictures, and should look slightly overweight and heavily undersmart. Abduct a slew of photos from the site, go onto MySpace, create a nymphomaniacal profile, and leave a provocative photo as the comment to the following MySpace pages: *FHM* and *Don Diva Magazine*. Sign up your ex-friend's handheld address to receive all messages and alerts.



4. Before hailing vitriol on your boyfriend-plundering former friend, make your way into her house. Gently remove the two spongy praying mantis egg sacs from your Ziploc-lined purse (available for $13.95 at sciencekit.com from April–May—who knew they were seasonal?). Furtively place one pulsating package in her closet and the other in her kitchen cabinets. Upon hatching, even when unprovoked, the depraved, stick-thin insects cannibalize each other, often whilst copulating. The teeny, green carcasses strewn betwixt her belongings will make for a poetic scene. This is called an allegory.



LOVE

You held him down when he was down and out. Despite a rigorous work schedule of your own, you felt the need to pamper him with nice cooked food (dude, heating up Fresh Direct totally counts) and nice clean drawers (delivered and picked up by the enterprising folk at the laundromat). More than anything else, you gave him the best years of your life (any years in your twenties). Then you come to find he's been poking your friend at Circus Circus for the last three consecutive Magic Conventions. This is while you were in shitheap Vegas working your own damn job *and* helping him peddle his completely contrived "clothing line" that consists of two screen-printed T-shirts and a hoodie. Quietly remove your earrings, grease up your face, and emotionally prepare for war. It's hit 'em up time.

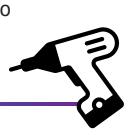
1. From your home computer, go to nambla.org. This is the North American Man/Boy Love Association Web site. For a puny $35, you can enroll your man and have newsletters delivered directly to his desk. Be sure to click all appropriate boxes to ensure he receives email blasts to his Outlook. Simultaneously sign him up to receive Big Brothers literature or child adoption mailings. Clear your Safari history.

2. Take a seam ripper, available at fabric stores and the occasional drugstore, and meticulously remove all the swooshes from his Nikes. Remember to leave the shoe otherwise unadulterated and wearable. This ensures a particular type of seething frustration. It's also a very provocative commentary on the nebulous value of branding in the context of function. Congratulations, you're an artist.



3. Wielding that same seam ripper, relieve all his shirts of their buttons. Do not remove the top one so said shirts stay on the hanger. Be sure to remove the ones on the cuffs as well as the extras they give you towards the bottom of the shirt placket. If he is so ballin' (read: faggy) as to have French cuffs, use a pair of nail scissors and gouge the hole wide enough so that no cufflink can stay in place.

4. If you have keys to his apartment, pull an *Amélie* and invite yourself in to wreak some havoc. No impish smiles or beguiling haircuts necessary. If he lives in New York and has central heating, use a screwdriver to pry open the baseboard of the heater and slip in slices of lunchmeat. Or use the screwdriver to remove the doorknob of any room and place meat in the cavity. Ham delivers a sour smell in a few short hours, but over time any cold cut will degenerate into an overwhelming stench of death. Consider it an homage to what he did to your ability to love. ★





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STYLING: **ALLISON MILLER**
DRESS BY **MIN-K.** STRAWBERRY NECKLACE BY **KENNETH J. LANE @ PATRICIA FIELD.** ALL OTHER JEWELRY IS LILY'S OWN.

MAKEUP: ROBERT GREENE USING MAC; HAIR: RHEANNE WHITE, BOTH FOR SEE MANAGEMENT.

Lily Allen is the Brit pop princess of 2006. She's overcome poverty, dropped out of school, and had a nervous breakdown to get there. What doesn't kill you makes you stronger—and in 2007, Ms. Allen's poised to crush the US charts.

WORDS: Laura Checkoway PHOTOS: Kareem Black

The Next Big Thing

Lily Allen is giggling. Hard. It's a beach bag at the Chanel store that is cracking her up. Lily Allen is also famous. Sorta. She's about to be, at least. She's had a No. 1 hit on the British pop charts with her summer smash, "Smile," and her debut, *Alright, Still,* reached No. 2 on the UK album chart in July. Banking on her success, her label, EMI/Capitol, is scrambling for a US release in January. Her imminent notoriety, however, does not prevent her from cackling inside the bougie boutique. Thing is, Lily's got plenty to laugh about. In fact, for the 21-year-old British star, laughter has helped her shake off the harder times.

These days, Lily's good. She's just been given lush, cork-soled, platform wedges with that discreet yet unmistakable C buckle for *free*. It's a departure from her usual Nike Air Maxes ('87s-or-'90s-with-white-soles-only-please) but don't get it twisted, Lily isn't sold on fussiness or pageantry. "I went to the Chanel show in Paris," she says. "It was just ridiculous, how seriously people take it. I almost threw up."

A week later, on the New York leg of her international tour, it appears Lily might throw up again. She strolls into our photo shoot at Manhattan's Sugar Cubes studio, lookin' rather gangster in grey men's sweats, totally hungover. It's the day after her US debut show: The night before, at the Maritime Hotel's Hiro Ballroom, Lily killed it. Her set was short, but she was delightful and cool. Backed by a three-man brass troupe, her voice was pitch-perfect and unwavering. She was clearly nervous, but the girl has unmistakable swagger.

Lily's confidence is congenital. Her father is Keith Allen, a well-known Welsh comedian, actor, and friend to rock stars. He and her mother, Alison Owen, a film producer whose credits include the Oscar-winning *Elizabeth* starring Cate Blanchett (in which Lily and her younger brother, Alfie, both had small roles) and Gwyneth Paltrow's *Sylvia,* split up when Lily was four. Her entertainment-industry affiliations sound cushy, and as a result, she's been accused of speaking in a mockney accent rather than a cockney one. Fingers have been pointed that she's embellishing a "realer" upbringing than one that is true. But things are rarely as they seem. Alison Owen had Lily's older sister, Sarah, when she was only 17. The young mother arrived in London from a "horrible seaside town," with a baby, a suitcase, and nothing else. Hardworking and single, Owen landed a secretary job at a television production company, and Lily spent her first ten years living in a council flat (the projects) in Holborn, Central London.

Lily, has since moved on up. She's got a whole crew scrambling around her going apeshit—blow drying hair, applying makeup, conducting interviews, selecting her clothes, calling for flight delays to San Francisco, and trying to figure out who the hell in Tribeca delivers mac and cheese. Two months before her LP's US release, three hours before she has to get to the airport, 56 minutes before she posed for the glorious shots you hold in your hands, Lily Allen talked to *Missbehave* about promiscuity, drug use, and why at the end of the day, fame is less important to her than the ability to make a bangin' Sunday roast.

DRESS BY **COVEN,** BRASS V 2-STUD SNAKE EARRINGS AND 10-STUD BRASS CUFF BY **WENDY NICHOL.** ALL OTHER JEWELRY IS LILY'S OWN. SNEAKERS ARE LILY'S OWN.







YOU HAD IT ROUGH GROWING UP.
I mean, I wasn't starving in Africa, but at the same time, I wasn't given very many means. When you're young, your life is your life and you just see it as living. My mum got together with some guy who was a lot richer than us. We moved in with him and our lives turned out a lot more comfortable. Then she split up with him and things weren't so comfortable anymore. But then my mum got more successful and started making more money. She's done well for herself. But it wasn't like that in the beginning.

WAS YOUR FATHER AROUND?
It was up and down with him. He was such a part of the Brit pop scene, always out with other famous musicians, actors, and artists, so he wasn't around that much. I didn't know him that well when I was young. Then as I got older, when I was 14 or 15, we became very close.

HOW COME?
I started rebelling against my mum and what got to her most was identifying with my dad [*laughs*]. But I'm over that now. I love my mum to pieces, quite seriously.

YOU HAD SOME DISCIPLINARY ISSUES GROWING UP. WHY DID YOU GET EXPELLED SO MANY TIMES?
Fighting, not working, drinking, and other things. My mum was so busy with work, it was easy for me to go out and misbehave. I went to three schools in the space of a year. My mum had to take time off of work to look at schools with me, and I enjoyed that. I craved the attention.

HOW DID YOU GET ALONG WITH YOUR CLASSMATES?
The girls hated me because I've always been really good friends with guys who were much older. When I was 13 [I was] hanging out with 18-year-old guys. We were going out, fighting, drinking, and performing sex acts [*laughs*]... Well, maybe not when I was 13, maybe that was 14 or 15. And that would completely f*ck me over because as soon as they left, I'd be left in a school full of girls that hated me.

DID YOU KNOW YOU WANTED TO BE A MUSICIAN BACK THEN?
I wasn't really into music at that point. I was so low in self-esteem I'd seek attention, especially from the older guys. When other girls would be getting interested in music and shit like that, I was more interested in flirting. I suppose [I did listen to music] because we would listen to the Clash. That took me back to when I was just a child and I used to hear that music at home. You know, because my mum was a punk. My mum is very weird with her music—the Clash, Squeeze, T.Rex, the Slits, Blondie, all parts of the spectrum. Lots of Marvin Gaye and Motown, too.

WHAT PROMPTED YOU TO LEAVE SCHOOL ALTOGETHER?
In England, it's very conservative. If you fail your exams, you're not going to get into college, and your whole life is over. I knew I was never going to get into Oxford or Cambridge, so why waste another seven years of my life working towards something that wasn't going to come in handy anyway? You're going to spend the next 24 years of your life working in a dead-end job, then you spend the next 24 years of your life dying! Why waste a third of my life preparing for something boring [then] preparing to die?

I READ SOMEWHERE THAT YOU SOLD ECSTASY IN SPAIN. TELL ME ABOUT THAT.
I'd rather not, actually. I've been misquoted so many times.



NICOLAS FEUILLATTE CUVÉE
CHAMPAGNE BY **PALMES D'OR.**

YOU DON'T WANT TO SET THE RECORD STRAIGHT?
Not really, I 'd rather ignore it and pretend it never happened.

At 15, shortly after leaving school, Lily sold hand-made jewelry at local shops. Without the scholastic structure, Lily's life revolved around her first boyfriend, Lester, 20, from whom she would learn some difficult truths and gain plenty of material, namely her first single, the sweetly stinging "Smile," which she wrote with a vengeance after he dumped her.

TELL ME ABOUT THIS "SMILE" BOY.
I was so completely in love with him and spent two years just hanging around, going to parties, and totally misbehaving. We played video games, watched television, smoked weed, and had sex. It was amazing while it lasted, but then he went away and as a result I had a nervous breakdown and ended up in hospital.

WAIT, HE JUST UP AND MOVED AWAY?
No, he was traveling for six months and I went to LA with him and put him on the train to wherever and we said our goodbyes. I'll see you in six months, I love you. Two weeks later, he called and told me he didn't want to be with me anymore. I think he actually went away to escape from the relationship, but he was too much of a pussy to say it.

SO YOU HAD A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN?
Yeah, I tried to kill myself. I couldn't get out of bed for months, and I got to such a bad point that I had to be put in the hospital because I couldn't even talk to anyone, I was a paranoid, nervous wreck.

WHY DID IT GET SO BAD?
I went traveling on my own. I would never admit it at the time, but I was trying to find him, trying to follow him across the world. I started in New Delhi, India, and worked my way down to the south of India. Then I flew to China and Cambodia. While I was away, something really, really bad happened to me, which I don't want to go into. But that tipped me over the edge so I came back to England and literally the minute I walked in the door, I collapsed and my mum had to take me to the hospital.

HOW LONG WERE YOU HOSPITALIZED FOR?
Several months.

WHAT WAS THAT LIKE?
It was actually quite nice, just to be somewhere with my brain and nothing else. It taught me a lot of life lessons and [through] cognitive behavioral therapy I learned how to deal with these situations in the future. If that hadn't happened, I probably wouldn't be the person I am today, and I'm very happy with who I am.

WOULD IT BE SAFE TO SAY YOU'RE COMPLETELY OVER LESTER NOW?
Yeah, definitely.

It's been three years after her attempted suicide, and not only is Lily over Lester, her burgeoning fame is providing for a sweet revenge. This past August, at a festival in London, Lester had a tent positioned directly across from the main stage. He and his new girlfriend had little choice but to watch Lily perform and hear thousands of fans singing the unflattering lyrics dedicated to him. Lily has a new boyfriend now, DJ Seb Chew. They've been together for a year. He's 29 and also musically inclined, spinning at club YoYo in London on Thursday nights. Their mutual friend Mark Ronson, who spun at Lily's New York show, stops by whenever he's in town. It's the place to be, and Lily, who's always been too cool for school, is the girl of the moment.

HOW DID YOU START A NEW RELATIONSHIP AFTER EVERYTHING YOU WENT THROUGH?
I didn't fall in love again for a long time, and I didn't fall in love right away. It's good now. It's not so intense 'cause I'm not there all the time. I never really had a physical relationship with my family. I was never one to, like, hug. I can't actually remember [being held] by anyone. Not my dad. Not because I don't love him, I love him to pieces, but I wasn't around that kind of physical contact until I had my first boyfriend. My mum says I become attached to men when I get involved with them. I think that's because I missed out on a lot during childhood.

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE IN A RELATIONSHIP?
Completely insane. Complete attention seeker. I will do anything to get attention—I will start fights, go into pubs with friends, start yelling, and get chased down the street. [I'd] make my boyfriend not spend time with his best friends but come home and cuddle. I don't do that with this one, because he's a lot older and wouldn't take that kind of shit from me.

HE KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE YOU.
As soon as I start being an idiot, he's like, Um, f*ck off then. And I go, Oh, okay, I'll behave.

BUT GIVEN YOUR PAST, PERHAPS YOU HAD REASON TO ACT A FOOL...
I probably didn't. I probably made it up in my head. They were probably really nice to me, I just see myself being the victim. If a guy leaves you, and you're really upset and can't understand, it must be their fault, not yours. [It's always] you are an asshole. I am not.

After her harrowing experiences, Lily settled upon a calming, surprisingly pedestrian career path. She decided she would be a florist. Allen attended floristry college, and began working at McQueens flower shop on Bond Street. But waking up at 4 AM every day to head to the flower market was not the then-18-year-old's cup of tea, especially during long, depressing English winters. One day, out of the clear blue, Lily got a phone call from a band manager who was well connected in the music industry. He didn't offer her any money, but did offer her a job. She almost fainted from relief. Lily hates the dark of winter days, so it would seem the spotlight would be the perfect place for her.

SO YOU LEFT FLOWERS FOR MUSIC. HOW WAS THE CHANGE?
Well, I wasn't involved with record companies at that point. There was nobody to tell me right from wrong. After I'd written the demos, nobody wanted to touch the project because they thought, f*ck, this girl's really outspoken, kind of a rebel...she's a liability, basically.

PROBABLY THE REASON YOUR FANS GRAVITATE TO YOU.
Maybe [it's] because of my honesty. I don't hold out about all the therapy I've had. I mean, I'm really scared about what people think about me to a certain extent, but I'm not going to let that fear control my life. I hate that petty bureaucracy. People think because they're in a position of power, they can tell you what to do. I can do whatever I want. Except kill people [*laughs*].

NOW THAT YOU'RE SIGNED TO A LABEL, ARE THEY TRYING TO PACKAGE YOU?
They can try to package me all they want, but I think that they'd get confused trying to figure it out. I don't care much about the consequences. I'm really happy to be here, and I love my job, but at the same time, I'm not scared of losing it. A lot of people in my position say, I'm not going to bad-mouth that person because I might lose fans or the press might turn against me. That kind of mentality gets sent with a certain breed of celebrity and I think it's wrong.

ANYONE IN MUSIC RIGHT NOW THAT YOU CAN'T STAND?
I do detest a whole breed of people, but no one in particular. I hate the sexy, in your face, getting-your-tits-out-and-dancing thing. It's kind of pathetic. It's like, Why? If you have to get your tits out and dance in a derogative way to get attention, you shouldn't be in music. You should be in a lap-dancing competition. Don't give young children complexes about their physicality. Music should be more about the Marc Bolan in the T.Rex days... people that actually have something to say, who are writing their own songs and having fun and being glamorous, you know, having a laugh at it all.

WHICH CELEBRITIES DO YOU ADMIRE? WHAT TYPE OF LEGACY DO YOU ASPIRE TO?
I'd like to have the same type of *legs* as Kate Moss [*laughs*]. But that's about it. I don't really want to compare myself.

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR YOU?
In twenty years, I'd like to be married and with children, living in the country with lots of money. I'd like to make enough money to live comfortably and not worry about working.

WOULD YOU STILL MAKE MUSIC?
If I still feel passionate about it, yes. If not, then no. I just want to have kids and cook.

WHAT ARE YOUR SPECIALTIES?
I make macaroni and cheese, spaghetti Bolognese, and a really killer chicken, bacon, and avocado. Everyone should know how to make a proper roast dinner. I think it's really important.

HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BLOWING UP?
I don't think it's important. I really like writing songs and performing my music, but most of it's bullshit. I don't really care. ★



Dream Sequence

Photos: Ryan Michael Kelly
Makeup & Styling: Robert Greene



Cirque du Surreal Makeup

HAND LETTERING BY QUEEN ANDREA



Studio Moisture Fix. Face and Body Foundation, Mineralize Skin Finish Powder, Lip Conditioner, Sheertone Blush in Pink Swoon, Eyeshadow in Chrome Yellow, Eye Kohl in Smolder. All by M.A.C. Jacket is Stylist's own.



Eyeshadow in Dazzlelight, Mascara X in Black, Lip Varnish in Polish Me Pink. All by MAC. Stickers by Sandy Lion. Jazzy Zip Hoodie by Etnies Girl, Earrings from Girlprops.



Liquid Eyeliner in Boot Black, Lip Gelée in Lu-Be-Lu. All by MAC. Glasses by Ksubi



Eyeshadow in Humid and Fresh Water, Pigment in Violet, Fuschia, Melon, and Golden Lemon, Eye Kohl in Smolder, Lip Glass. All by MAC. Houndstooth Fedora by Stüssy, Vest by BB Dakota.



Eyeshadow in Chrome Yellow, Sheertone Blush in Peaches, Lip Varnish in Warning by MAC. Ben Nye Cream Color in Lime Green. Lamé jacket is Stylist's own.

boardwalk baby



SAND, SKY, AND SPECTACULAR PRINTS

PHOTOS: BROOKE NIPAR STYLING: RAQUEL GRIFFIN





FENCE PRINT HOODIE BY **FRESHJIVE**, BLACK AND WHITE ZEBRA PRINT DRESS BY **DAANG GOODMAN FOR TRIPP NYC**, TIGHTS BY **HUE**, PURPLE SUEDE PLATFORM PUMPS BY **STEVEN BY STEVE MADDEN**



YELLOW DENIM OVERALL BY **JEREMY LOVES KSUBI**, BLACK TURTLENECK BY **H&M**, TIGHTS BY **LOOK FROM LONDON**, WHITE SNAKESKIN PLATFORM PUMPS BY **REPORT SIGNATURE**



BLACK AND GREY LOGO PRINT
HOODIE BY **BROOKLYN INDUSTRIES**





BLACK SHEER BLOUSE WITH SEQUIN LIP APPLIQUÉ BY **HARMON**, BLACK AND WHITE THUMB PRINT DENIM SHORT-ALL BY **JEREMY LOVES KSUBI**, TIGHTS BY **HUE**, SATIN PLATFORM PUMPS BY **REPORT SIGNATURE**





FAUX FUR ZEBRA PRINT HOODIE BY **GRN APPLE TREE**, STIRRUP TIGHTS BY **HOT STEPS**, RED AND WHITE CANDY STRIPE HEELS BY **JEREMY SCOTT**

HAIR: STACI CHILD FOR KRAMER & KRAMER/REDKIN
MAKEUP: MUNEMI @ SEE MANAGEMENT

DAGGER WIELDING FEMME FATALES

INSPIRED BY THE CULT CLASSIC SWITCHBLADE SISTERS





Facing page: Flannel by **Forever 21**, vest by **Keerstin Wintrup**, pants by **Judy Rosen**, shoes by **Sergio Rossi**, necklace by **Bijules NYC**, ring by **Elizabeth Cole**, hat is stylist's own. This page from left: shirt by **Maticevski**, shorts are stylist's own, necklace by **Han Cholo**, cuff & earrings by **Pink Paisleys**, boots by **Casadei**. Shirt by **Petro Zilla**, skirt by **Mara Hoffman**, bracelet by **Elizabeth Cole**, earrings are stylist's own.

CUT TO THE HEART

PHOTOS: CHRISTOPHER GLANCY STYLING: ERIN HIRSH & CAMILLE GARMENDIA



Center: Pants by **Mara Hoffman**, belt by **Emily Noelle**, earrings by **Pink Paisleys**, bracelets by **Mio**, shoes by **C Label**, shirt is stylists own.



shirt by **Rojas**, shorts by **Citizens of Humanity**, shoes by **C Label**, glove by **LaCrasia**, headpiece and necklace by **Bijules NYC**, earrings by **Pink Paisleys**, suspenders are stylist's own.





From Left: Dress by **Buhddist Punk**, shoes by **Sergio Rossi**, gloves by **LaCrasia**, necklaces by **Elizabeth Cole**. Far right: Bar ring by **Bijules NYC**. All other looks previously credited.

MAKEUP BY: **DANIELLE DECKER** FOR DAILY DOSE HAIR BY: **ROBERT WILD**



NIGHT

photos: Sacha Maric style: Kate Ruth

DRESS BY **AMERICAN APPAREL.** GLOVES BY **CORNELIA JAMES.** VINTAGE SHOES FROM **BEYOND RETRO, LONDON.** SOCKS (WORN OVER SHOES) BY **JONATHAN ASTON.**



LIGHT

Bold Hues Contrasting Views



DRESS BY **LUELLA.**
GLOVES BY **CORNELIA JAMES.**


COAT BY ASHISH.



NECKLACES BY **CATERINA ZANGRANDO.**
JUMPSUIT BY **PAUL SMITH.**




COAT BY **LUELLA.**



HAIR: **MARCO CHAN**
@ PHAMOUS FOR BLOWW.COM
USING PAUL MITCHELL.

MAKEUP: **TRACEY QUINN**
@ PHAMOUS USING MAC &
DERMALOGICA.

MODEL: **JOURDAN** @ STORM.

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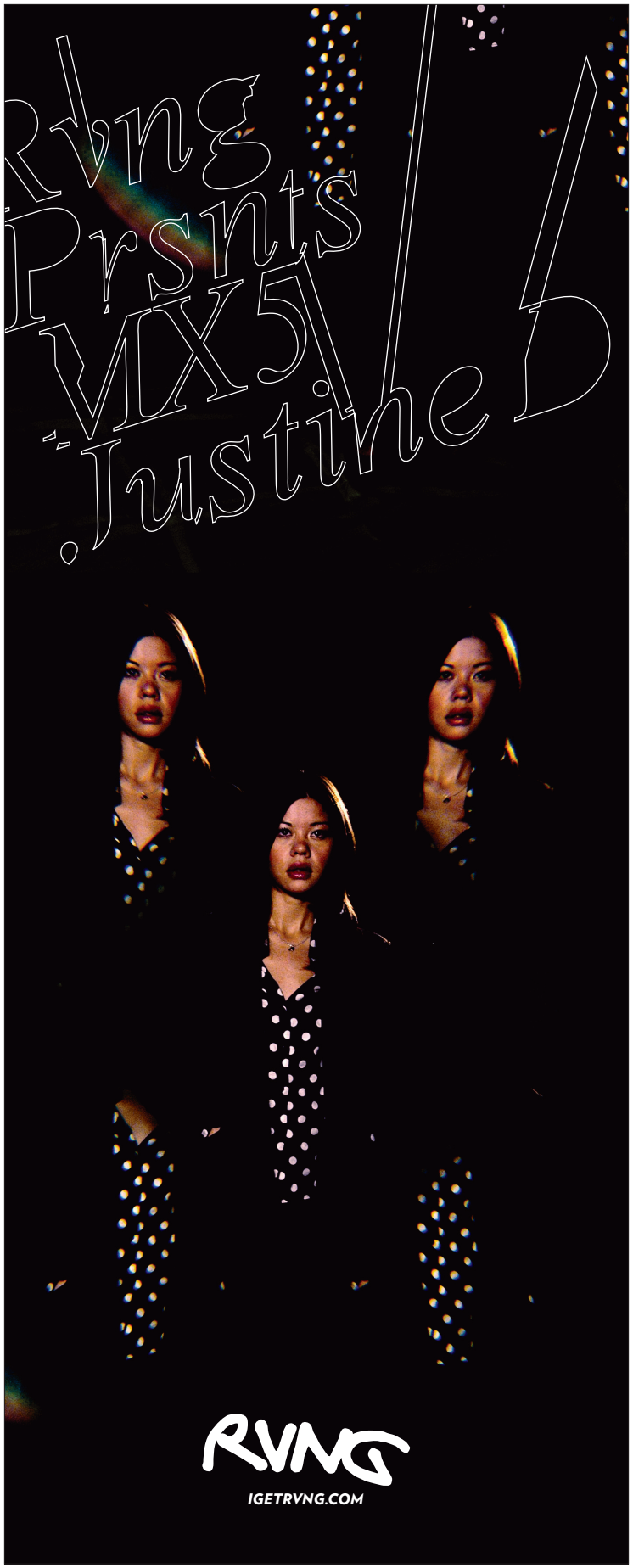
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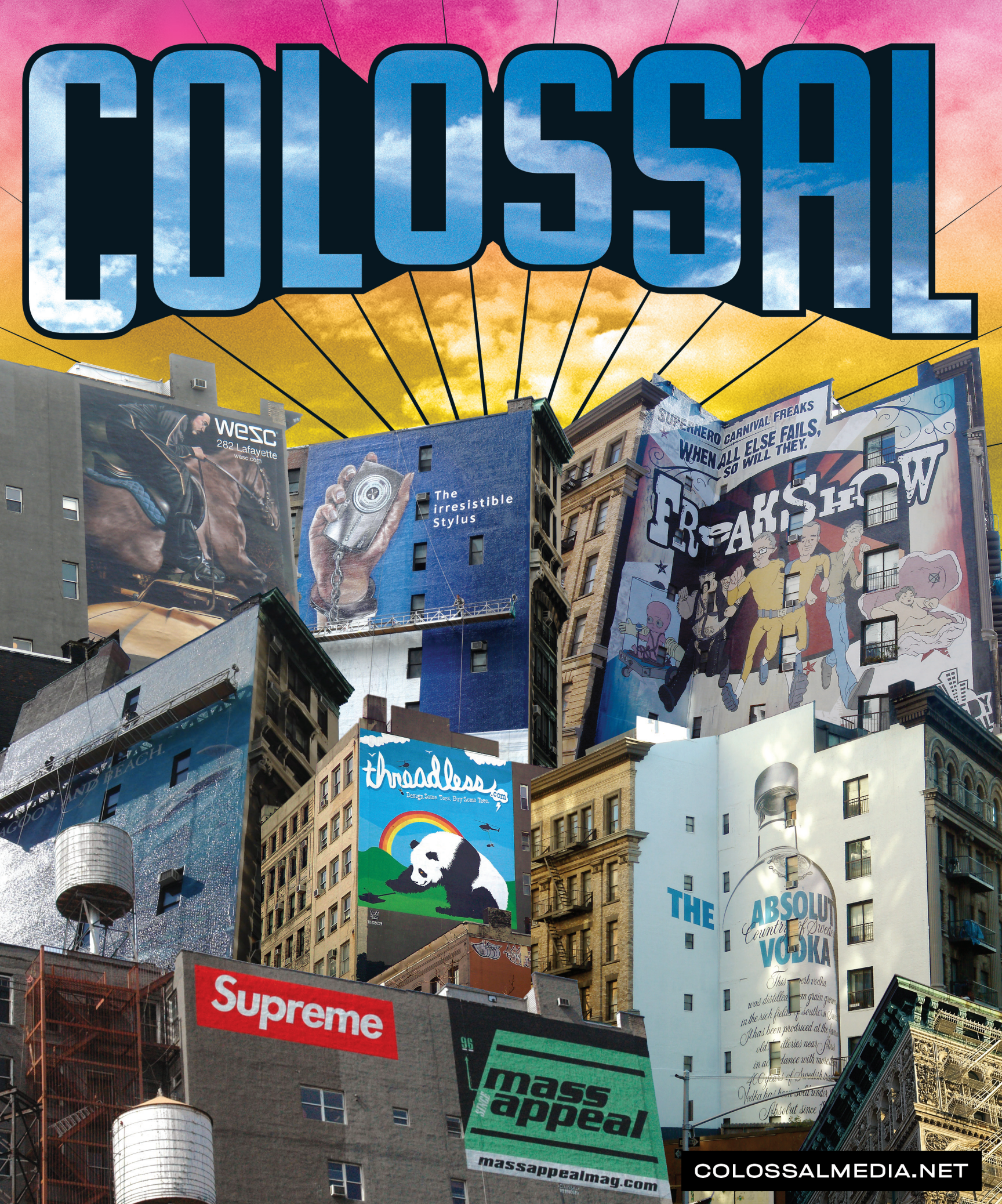

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MOON BOOTS

Okay, some of you don't remember The Challenger exploding so you were spared the terrifying fable of what happens when mankind's ambition exceeds its capabilities. That's cool, but for those of us who do recall the anguish of that fateful January in 1986, take that feeling, multiply it by three, and you'll have some idea of our pain when we see outfits ruined by Moon Boots.

I mean seriously, were these gigantic boots ever stylish? Um. No. That's why *Missbehave* is relegating this overzealous orthopedic to a fashion dirt nap. Remember last winter, when every designer slapped their names on these babies, and had otherwise reasonable girls mashing around the city in these damn things? Yeah, so do we. Shudder to think that when the mercury drops below 50 degrees, we're going to see that mistake again. Please, we implore you, leave these boots where they came from—a galaxy far, far away. We swear to Christ, if you try to smuggle those things back into our atmosphere, we hope you and your fugly-ass nylon shoes scorch upon reentry. Listen, by no means are they a winter staple. I know Karl (that crazy kraut) rolls these out with Coco Chanel emblazoned on them and yes, we love those interlocking C's more than we love refined sugar and our mothers, but the only place they belong is outside of a condo in Aspen, in a barbeque pit, doused liberally with turpentine and set on fire. Thanks.


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